

COMMONWEAL



THE CONGO

Rebellious Congolese strike at all that torments them

WILLIAM PFAFF



PROTESTS AT BERKELEY

John F. Boler

THE OTHER HAMMARSKJOLD

Leo Hines

INTERMARRIAGE AND THE COURT

Allan C. Brownfeld

CORRESPONDENCE

Birch Police

San Diego, Calif.

To the Editors: I subscribed to your magazine because I felt it was oriented towards objectivity, especially considering the "equal time" which you have been giving minority groups. Your editorial, "Birch Policemen," in the December 18th issue came as something of a disillusionment. I do not question the justice of the Santa Ana police chief in dismissing the two officers. Nor do I contend that Bircher and/or Communist methods are necessarily legitimate, as the case in point reveals. What I do object to, though, is your attitude and the implications it bears by subtly forming public opinion against a person's freedom of conscience. Your opening paragraph unfortunately leads the reader to believe that the policemen were suspended because they were Birchers, i.e., members of a private organization, not because of their misconduct. It is easy to tear apart an argument deliberately built on weak premises; I regret that you have used such second-rate tactics.

Of course the whole question hinges on whether or not a person actually *does* have a right to join any group he wants. And presumably if the purpose of that group is to destroy the common good, then we might object to our civil servants' making a profession of faith in that society's principles and objectives. But show me one Bircher who really believes that his club is out to undermine society; I would say just the opposite obtains—they all join for the ostensible (and subjective) reason of *preserving* society. Now in the process some (or better, all too many) may burn their fingers in imprudences, but who am I, then, to tell a man that he is *ipso facto* wrong in merely joining a group which he finds consonant with his principles? I do not say that such condemnation is what you have done overtly, but I cannot avoid accusing you of this through your implication. The question is strictly one of *principle*

(or conscience), yet by bringing up abuses in *method* you have damned *a priori* the person's right to his freedom of conscience. From where do you relegate to yourself this power? What man has a right to degrade another because of his beliefs?

Yet I realize that I must be objective, or at least as nearly so as possible, because "by their fruits you will know them," and thus facts force me to concede that Birchers must be a little blinded by their zeal at times not to see that the means do not necessarily justify the ends. Unfortunately the realm of principle is often only an ideal which takes on fearful distortions or even crumbles completely when subjected to the realm of practice. Yet I will never concede that therefore the abuse is just cause to asperse proper use, which, I contend, is the slant of your editorial. You have an extremely potent weapon and influential position through your own propaganda machine. I think that you slipped a little by not bearing this responsibility properly, and I would ask you not to forget how sacred one's freedom of conscience is, for if you ridicule that you are ridiculing a person, demeaning him precisely in what does make him a person.

DAVID W. BULLOCK

"Unscientific, Prejudiced"

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I am really sorry to see COMMONWEAL and Daniel Callahan in his article on "The Schools" (Jan. 8, 1964) descend to such an unscientific and prejudiced analysis of Catholic education in America. Besides containing unwarranted, sarcastic references to Father Andrew Greeley, the article strikes out in a nebulous way against Catholic "jingoists," brick-and-mortar Catholicism, etc. It admits with *great* honesty that the critics of Catholic schools "have been mistaken in some (but not most) of their generalizations." Here is another questionable generalization. Nothing concrete is given to explain what all this means, and, as any trained person knows, it is quite unfair to treat a complex matter in

such over simplified, black-and-white terms.

It is high time that Catholic journalists like Mr. Callahan and Mrs. Mary Perkins Ryan, who are not professional educators, admitted their limitations in handling such serious questions. Has Mr. Callahan ever investigated deeply the meaning of interdisciplinary integration which is the heart of Catholic education? Has he ever compared the failures of Catholic education with the failures of non-Catholic education where such interdisciplinary integration does not and cannot exist? Must we not make a distinction between Catholic schools as such and the theology that they have had to work with up until Vatican II? Legalism and individualism have not been defects of Catholic education but of Catholicism in the last few centuries. But there is no use just condemning these evils and being the self-righteous, "alienated" Catholic. Let us try to understand what has brought them about and work truthfully and charitably to overcome them.

SISTER TERESA MARY, C.S.C.

"Most Intelligent"

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Congratulations on Daniel Callahan's most intelligent report on the first installment of the Greeley-Rossi-Pinto report. As one of the (first) writers to raise the question of the value of parochial schools in a national publication, I have followed this subject rather closely for the last two years. I would like to add one point that I think Mr. Callahan, by juxtaposing critics and sociologists, omitted.

The point is, I think, rather central to any intelligent discussion of parochial schools: *their necessity*. This is the question that absorbs Protestant education specialists at the National Council of Churches. As one of them said to me, "Ten years ago, I came into this organization and was told to find out whether parochial education is necessary to produce a religious adult. One million dollars later, I have found nothing to prove that it is."

Obviously, the Greeley group's conclusions do not come even close to establishing such proof. Their attempt to gloss this over by casually saying they never expected to do so in the first place is simply one more evidence of Father Greeley's outrageous bias, which in my opinion all but disqualifies him from making any scientifically respectable statements on the subject. (Contrast the silence of a far better and deeper sociologist, Joseph Fichter, S.J.)

The central question is: shall Catholics go on spending billions, creating division and fear among their fellow Americans, to perpetuate a religious school system they no longer need? If we are to look the next generation in the face, the answer has to be no.

THOMAS J. FLEMING

"Falls Short"

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: While one enters the thicket circumscribed by Daniel Callahan ("The Schools," Jan. 8) only at the hazard of emerging with more lacerations than roses, the historian in me is compelled to suggest that Mr. Callahan's use of the historical art falls far short of that standard of understanding appropriate either to the scholar or the prophet.

The burden of the Greeley-Rossi-Pinto study with which Mr. Callahan chooses to take issue is that the parochial school system over the last half-century or so has had significant success in reinforcing certain behavior patterns—and only certain ones: to wit, those surrounding formal religious practice, sexual morality, acceptance of ecclesiastical authority, financial contributions, and others similar which Greeley, Rossi, and Pinto choose to describe as "symbolic" of the thrust of the middle years of American Catholicism. Thus, Greeley, *et al.*, conclude, "from this point of view, it could be maintained that the schools accomplish their purpose."

The relevant question, Mr. Callahan contends, is not what the leaders of the parochial school system, by the

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MONEY FROM HEAVEN?

As a rule, university budget figures make for something less than electrifying reading matter, a trait they share with almost every other kind of budget data. When Columbia University, for instance, recently made known its budget for the 1963-1964 academic year, there seemed little in the story other than the interesting tidbit that Columbia's figure of \$97.2 million was greater than that of the state of Nevada (\$92 million) in the fiscal year 1963. But buried away in the details of the Columbia budget were some other, more significant items: the University received \$44.8 million in government money for contracts and grants; 60 percent of its budget increase in the past few years has been the result of government-sponsored projects and grants; the rise in government money was 21 percent over the previous academic year. There was nothing in the report to suggest that Columbia was unhappy to get the money; nor, for that matter, are there any indications that other universities, similarly blessed, are turning their back on government funds. Money is money, and all universities need it.

But even riches from heaven rarely come without some hidden liabilities, and the U.S. government, whatever its other assets, is something less than a heavenly source of money. So far, according to most observers, the worst bogey-man has not appeared: government attempts to coerce or control those universities making use of its grants. But the danger is there, at least potentially. More to the point at the moment, however, is the impact on higher education of so much money devoted almost exclusively to science and, beyond that, to science in the service of national defense.

On the first point, some of the liabilities have made an unmistakable appearance: a fattening of the scientific faculties in relation to the humanities faculties; a preponderance of money going to a relatively few, well-established universities; a growing dependence by some universities on government money. On the second point, many scientists have complained that a desire for practical, immediately useful results is having a bad effect on the speculative aims of science; that a high proportion of younger scientists are conforming their work

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goals to defense-related problems; that government-supported scientists often transfer their allegiance from the university to Washington; and that the same scientists are prone to choose safe, non-controversial projects to insure their survival on the federal payroll.

Every revolution, of course, is likely to have at least some drawbacks. It may well be the case that the "multiversity," to use Clark Kerr's term, is here to stay and that, for better or worse, the university is bound to become more dependent upon the government. But that hardly means American higher education, and the scientific community in particular, can afford to let things go on unhindered in their present direction. That large-scale scientific projects require government aid no one denies. Nor can it be denied that national defense requires the talent available in universities.

But what can be denied is that the university should turn itself into a passive recipient of all the money it can get. The great problem at the moment is that hardly anyone is giving much attention to the way in which the university should establish standards and limitations on the acceptance of federal money. At best, there are scattered articles and books on the subject, most of them deploring the present trend. But there is little evidence that university presidents, faculty groups and other academic bodies are working together to fashion guidelines. Money is being accepted, quiet worries expressed, but nothing in the way of a consistent policy is on the educational horizon.

There are, in this last respect, many immediate steps which could be taken. American college and university presidents could attempt to create a common code of ethics and a common philosophy toward government grants. Faculty and professional groups could attempt to devise some norms applicable to the individual in a position to receive government assistance. Scientific groups could establish commissions whose job it would be to measure the impact of subsidized work on the scientific profession, to warn against dangers and to provide active support to those whose work is speculative and non-defense oriented. Such steps might not be easy, nor would they solve all the problems by themselves. But if some steps are not taken, and soon, the whole shape and direction of American higher education could change, and not for the better, within a relatively few years.

HUAC

Each session of Congress these days is apt to start with a brief flurry of excitement over the House Un-American Activities Committee—the excitement being stirred by a small band of liberals who think the time is, at last, ripe for the committee's abolition. This year the familiar ritual lacks zest. Despite the heady impact of a rather liberal membership, the committee is in no serious danger, partly because Congressmen tend to be touchy about clipping the wings of any committee, partly because the HUAC has

done so little of note in recent years, even in the way of outrages. Many liberals who are most annoyed by the committee's performance are unwilling to mount a major assault on so insignificant a target. The committee is, as always, capable of a familiar excess, but it is more a nuisance than a threat, its membership confined largely to reactionaries and representatives from areas where oracular anti-Communism still pays political dividends.

But if, as a political reality, the committee will be around as a public embarrassment for some time to come, there is need to remain alert to its often dubious techniques and procedures. Two members of the group called "Women Strike for Peace" are currently under a grand jury indictment handed down at the behest of the Un-American Activities Committee. The women, Dagmar Wilson and Donna Allen, were subpoenaed to testify in the committee's investigation of State Department policy in issuing visas and entry permits. Both agreed to appear before the committee to answer any questions put before them in open session. But the committee, which is fond of closed-door hearings, often for reasons that remain obscure, insisted on hearing testimony in private. The women refused to undergo the dress rehearsal behind closed doors. Now they face trial and a possible term of up to one year in a federal penitentiary.

The prospect here is that two women will go to jail because the House Un-American Activities Committee finds it tactically wiser to rehearse (and thus, to an extent, control) the testimony of people appearing before it. There are rare instances in which a closed hearing is legitimate. This does not appear to be one of them. The HUAC has frequently been cavalier in its manipulation of closed hearings, and its excerpting for public consumption of the transcripts often "proves" points that the full text does not sustain. Since there is no reason for the two women to be overly impressed by the committee's fairness, their demand for an open hearing was eminently reasonable. The House has a responsibility to protect people from this type of action on the part of its least distinguished committee.

STOOP LABOR

Now that there is no longer a Public Law 78 to supply temporary farm workers from Mexico, California growers appear no happier than they expected to be. They complain, as they have always contended, that the stoop labor required in their fields is too much for domestic farm labor, not to mention those recruited recently from the city unemployed. They report a high percentage of drop-outs, although so far applicants are more numerous than the jobs available. Will enough men be at hand this year for the peak spring-summer harvest season in that state?

The minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour for California farm workers rises to \$1.40 on April 1 to provide a real incentive to the unemployed. If this will mean higher prices for the nation's fruits and vegetables, the growers say it

will be due more to the lower productivity of their new help than to the higher wage rate. What they miss is the abundant supply of docile, cheap and efficient Mexican labor which they utilized so successfully for fourteen years that they gave little thought to mechanization.

American consumers have also been complacent about a system which meant low food prices at their local supermarket. That all this depended on the exploitation of underpaid aliens, with domestic farm workers unable to find employment, aroused little general concern. Many of us were too ready to believe that the growers could not otherwise find enough men to undertake that type of labor.

For Mexico, though, the end of the bracero program has

had some deleterious effects. Many rural families were greatly helped by the sums brought back from the North. The government is attempting to substitute gainful employment on such projects as the new irrigation canals in the arid Lagura region and the dams, hydroelectric facilities and desalinization plants which should boost Mexico's expanding agricultural and industrial production still further. But on both sides of the border this is a period of transition. The change can be beneficial all round if the United States establishes decent conditions for its migratory workers and their families in our farm states and if Mexico succeeds in absorbing its impoverished rural workers in a city and countryside that is ever more productive.



WASHINGTON REPORT

JOHNSON AND CHINA

"World affairs will continue to call upon our energy and courage. But today we can turn increased attention to the character of American life."

In this passage in his State of the Union message, President Johnson struck a theme that has become increasingly popular in recent years. Since the Cold War has thawed a bit, the United States, it is argued, can afford to devote more of its wealth, attention, and energy to domestic affairs.

Senator J. William Fulbright has been an active advocate of this viewpoint. "The Cold War, it seems clear, has been an excuse as well as a genuine cause for the diversion of our energies from domestic well-being to external security," he declared in a recent speech.

Most observers do not disagree that it is time, in Fulbright's words, to turn to the "problems of slums and crime and poverty and inadequate education." But it is significant that this line of thought is gaining so much currency at a time when the small war in South Vietnam is going badly and the entire American position in the western Pacific is seriously deteriorating. Communist China's development of nuclear weapons in defiance of the overwhelming opinion of the world community as expressed in the 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty has thus far gone unchallenged and unpunished. President Sukarno of Indonesia has now made his nation the second in the region, following Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, to openly align itself with Communist China and break with the West. Premier Sato of Japan during his recent talks here with President Johnson made it clear that his government is moving, much more slowly and discreetly, toward an accommodation with its mainland neighbor.

In short, the smaller countries of Asia have made the judgment that Communist China and not the United States is going to be the dominant power in their part of the world and they are beginning to act upon that judgment.

From the vantage point of what is happening in the

western Pacific, the growing talk in this country about turning away from excessive commitments in foreign affairs and tending to our own domestic problems can be seen as an unconscious cover or defense mechanism. It diverts attention from the acceptance of defeat in South Vietnam and screens the character and magnitude of a catastrophe for the United States and its allies in the Pacific. There are notable similarities between the inaugural period this past month and that which prevailed sixteen years ago when President Truman was inaugurated for the term he had won in his own right. In 1949, Mr. Truman proposed the "Point Four" program for technical assistance to the underdeveloped countries which was a worthy undertaking, but otherwise attention focused on his "Fair Deal" domestic program. And all the while, the Communists were entering the final stage of their conquest of mainland China and Russia was nine months away from testing its first nuclear bomb. The Truman Administration had no policies to cope with either of these ugly realities.

Whether the Johnson Administration has plans to meet this year's grim difficulties in Asia is the major question mark in Washington. The President's speeches afford no clues. In his State of the Union message, his remarks on foreign affairs consisted only of platitudes, either banal or enigmatic. In his Inaugural Address, he only adverted to the outside world in passing. Of his first legislative messages to Congress, those dealing with major domestic questions—education and health—were important statements. By contrast, those on disarmament and foreign aid were disappointing. The former was almost empty of content, asking only for a four-year extension of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. It made no direct references to the two major developments in this field: the Chinese nuclear explosion and the pending French hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific.

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The foreign aid message was a continuation of the "bare bones" approach begun last year. It is a prescription for failure. As the *Washington Post* (January 15) commented editorially: "The fact that President Johnson is asking for the smallest foreign aid program since the start of this effort reflects the situation in Congress better than it mirrors the situation in the world. The size of the authorization is tailored to meet the jaundiced views of legislators and not cut to fit the requirements of national policy."

After reviewing the misery and injustice that prevail in much of the world, the *Post* added: "No amount of self-congratulation or complacency can long conceal the crisis that is racing toward us. Our current levels of expenditure, sooner or later, are going to be greatly increased. There will be no choice about that. Our only choice is in timing. We are either going to raise them to prevent disaster before it occurs or multiply them after the disaster in an uphill struggle to salvage something from the ruin."

The crucial fact about the foreign aid program that it seems almost impossible to get clear in the public and congressional discussions is that it ought to be an *economic* program directed toward long-term economic development. In fact, however, of the \$3,380,000,000 the President requested, one-half will go for military aid and supporting assistance to nations around the perimeter of Russia and China. Most of them are military dependencies of ours, some of which can never be economically viable (South Korea and Jordan) or cannot be under present conditions (South Vietnam and Laos). This aid is justifiable on military grounds, but it ought to be put in the Pentagon budget and considered entirely separately. Economic development loans—the heart of the true foreign aid program—is allocated only \$780,000,000, most of which will be divided among seven countries. If the United States were facing the economic development issue squarely, it would be investing three times that much in India alone. As the *Washington Post* wrote, "Our own obligation, by any reasonable criteria, might easily rise to 1 per cent of our gross national product—\$6.4 billion." This may seem a large sum but not when measured against America's wealth nor against the \$100 billion this country spent in direct and indirect costs defending South Korea from 1950 to 1953. If the free government and the mixed economy fail in India, the cause of human freedom will be lost in all of Asia. If South Korea were worth such an effort, what price would be worth paying to help Indian democracy succeed?

If the disarmament and foreign aid messages told us nothing that was worth knowing about Mr. Johnson's grasp of foreign affairs, this is not necessarily meaningful. The President likes to keep his purposes and plans as secret as possible; he delights in surprise and mystification and in his own role as the master magician who manipulates all the levers. He also dispenses more soft soap than a convention of shaving-cream manufacturers. Almost everyone leaves his presence at least temporarily uplifted and per-

sueded that the President sees a lot of wisdom in the visitor's opinions. Those who want to cut American losses and get out of South Vietnam can find comfort in some of his words, but those are not necessarily the same words he tells the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the men from the CIA who want to escalate the war.

In the midst of the Inaugural festivities, for example, it became known that the United States for the past few months has been secretly bombing Communist supply routes in Laos. It is a short step from bombing them there to bombing them in North Vietnam.

Two impulses appear to be warring in the President's mind. He is a tough, power-oriented, nationalistic American of a rather old-fashioned sort. But he is also an exceptionally wary and cautious man who likes to look not only once but two or three times before he leaps. He is not frightened by the Chinese nor is he afraid to use American military force as he did last summer in the retaliatory bombing in the Gulf of Tonkin. But he likes to be as sure as possible. His decision on whether to carry the war to North Vietnam or abandon it will turn on his estimate of the subsequent consequences of bolder military moves. No one can yet say which way he will go.

Meanwhile, as one intelligence officer remarked the other day, "My in-box is piled high with analyses of Sukarno's kidneys." The Indonesian dictator is in failing health, but he expects that within his life span, that is, within the next two or three years, China will dominate all of Southeast Asia. He does not like the prospect, but he hopes to gain some advantage for his country if he jumps aboard the Chinese bandwagon early. United States officials watch his every move with intense interest, for Indonesia is an immense prize. It has the fifth largest population in the world and although Sukarno now administers it very badly, it could be one of the richest countries. A Communist *coup d'etat* after Sukarno dies is a distinct possibility and, indeed, increasingly probable. If the Chinese Communists could bring the food-growing areas of Southeast Asia and the oil and rubber riches of Indonesia under their effective control, they would have the economic base they do not now possess to be the world's third great power. There are those who shrug off this prospect as of no direct concern to the United States. But by this reasoning, the Second World War in the Pacific—which was fought to destroy the less soul-crushing tyranny of the Japanese militarists—and the Korean War were both fought for no purpose.

If the Johnson Administration stands idly by while a third great power arises in the world that is extremely hostile to the United States and does nothing while that power acquires the nuclear and missile capability, the food and resources it needs, and the political prestige it seeks, then the Administration is not likely to look very good in history's pages. Like Mr. Truman's Fair Deal of sixteen years ago, Mr. Johnson's Great Society may be completely overshadowed by foreign developments it first hoped to ignore.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

THE CONGO



Is what is happening another Boxer Rebellion?

WILLIAM PFAFF



Stanleyville was never a good place. The heat is deathly most of the year; the great, humid forest of the equatorial Congo surrounds the city. The European residents of the old days turned pale and febrile in this climate rather than brown, weakening in the steady humidity, irritably waiting for relief, retirement, the long leaves home in the cool and familiar north of Europe. Stanleyville's reason for existence is that navigation on the Congo river ends here. Beyond the city are rapids—and the forest, rain-forest of the kind Alejo Carpentier said survives from the earth before man, from "the world of Genesis, at the end of the fourth day of creation." Joseph Conrad had chosen the same analogy. "Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, where vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings."

This is classic Africa—of pygmies and jungle, the Africa that gripped our imaginations as children. This is the place of the obsession and corruption of Conrad's "Kurtz"—and where Conrad himself, as a young Congo river captain, took aboard near Stanleyville a Free State agent named Georges-Antoine Klein who, like the Kurtz of *Heart of Darkness*, soon after died on board the steamer; and where Conrad underwent an experience which he subsequently described as crucial to his life. This is the place whose reality in the first decade of this century, described in a diplomatic report, made a world reputation for Roger Casement, British consul and intelligence agent, later Irish nationalist, incompetent conspirator, alleged homosexual, and hanged

WILLIAM PFAFF represented COMMONWEAL in the Belgian Congo in 1955. His and Edmund Stillman's *The Politics of Hysteria* was published last month in London by Victor Gollancz, and simultaneously became available here in a Harper Colophon paperback edition.

British traitor. Casement's account of the practices of the Congo Free State was issued by the British government on February 15th, sixty-one years ago. It told of the mutilation of African laborers and peasants, principally the amputation of hands, arms and ears, as punishment for indiscipline and for defaults in delivering trade goods. It said that there were indiscriminate and wanton killings by the free state militia, the seizure of women and children as hostages for the labor of African men, the starvation and brutalization of prisoners.

Chiefly as a result of Casement's report the Free State—established in 1884 as the personal possession of Belgium's King Leopold—was handed over to the Belgian government. That was in 1908. Thus there are men alive today in the Congo who experienced the conditions which Casement described. There also are Africans alive today with personal acquaintance of the slave expeditions which raided this region until well into the twentieth century. The equatorial districts of the Congo Basin and eastward were the ranging grounds of Arab slavers from Indian Ocean ports. This is the territory of the Leopard and Crocodile cults—secret societies whose members believed that they assumed the powers of their totem creatures and who performed murders in the garb of leopards and crocodiles. These cults, like cannibalism, were never quite exterminated during Belgium's occupation of the Congo. The Congo even now has only known a hundred years of European invasion. The people, in this harsh environment, are powerfully gripped by the aboriginal past. The African cultures here were not of the levels of sophistication and accomplishment of West Africa's old kingdoms, or of the near-feudal Tutsi of Ruanda-Urundi where the Congo basin

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rises through volcanic lakes towards the glacier peaks of the Ruwenzoris. And the central Congo's experience of foreign invaders has been crueler than that of perhaps any other part of Africa.

The Belgian government tried to repair the wrongs of the Free State, but in an important respect they made a false appraisal and established a policy that was to prove disastrous. Interested in opening up the great wealth of the country, and hostile to the African nationalist currents of the 1930s and 1940s, they deliberately discouraged the emergence of a Western-educated and politically conscious African elite. It is widely known that only a few Congolese ever visited Europe and that the first university in the Congo was founded only in 1954 (and the second in 1956; four years later the two had a combined total of 407 students). Less well known is that primary education was widespread. In 1959 between a third and a half of all school-age children in the Congo were receiving formal education. Belgian policy had envisaged the slow but extensive rise of the Congolese in education and Western ways (and Congolese were expected to conform to essentially European manners and values). By the time independence was suddenly granted the colony in 1960, there were large numbers of semi-skilled or skilled workers, clerks and technicians, but relatively few Africans with secondary educations, and virtually none with the education and formation appropriate to serious political and social leadership.

A consequence of extensive primary education and the rapid industrial development of the country (especially after the Second World War) was widespread social dislocation and religio-cultural disorientation. In 1940 a million Congolese lived outside tribal status. By 1959 three million—a quarter of the entire population—did so. Stanleyville, a fishing village in 1877, had an African population in the 1950s of seventy thousand—representing sixty-six different tribal groups, some of them from as far away as a thousand miles from Stanleyville. Only five of these tribal groups had as many as two thousand members living in the city; none, not even the nearest, had as many as six thousand. A third of the African residents had married outside their tribes. These seventy thousand were nearly all laborers or petty clerks or servants. While seventy-five percent of the male children and a third of the girls were in school, only half the adult males had a year or more of schooling. In the 1950s, when the UNESCO study from which these figures are taken was being made, this urbanization and detribalizing of Africans seemed progress—an important stage in the development of the Congo. The costs were underestimated, and only now are making themselves plain.

Free State exploitation, slavery, a vast urbanization and industrialization, an aggressive challenge to Congolese society—all this now is of the past. The equatorial Congo's present is of rebellion and a war of gratuitous and impartial slaughter. The most recent reports tell of rebels, or

presumed rebels, pushed into the sports stadium the Belgians built in Stanleyville, submitted to the judgment of mobs, and then taken out by government soldiers to be killed and left where they fell. Earlier it was the rebels who were killing indiscriminately, their European victims well-reported, their African victims apparently numbering in the tens of thousands. Special groups have been singled out for murder: missionaries and their converts, "intellectuals"—which is to say Congolese literate in French. The rebel army, according to European survivors of the Stanleyville affair, was distinguished by a naive idealism and a self-conscious but tenuous discipline that unpredictably would collapse into hysterical violence. The political motivations of the rebellion were dim—a protest against the corruption and brutality of such administration as the Leopoldville government had managed to exercise in the area; but regional and tribal separatism, personal ambitions and foreign interventions were involved—and a deeper disorder than politics.

The rebel government functioned by a kind of surrealist formalism shot through with superstition and magic. Patrice Lumumba was expected to rise from the dead and resume power, and a date late this year had been set for his resurrection. From the literate or half-literate leaders of the rebellion there was an immense flow of orders and reports phrased in the bureaucratic language which Congolese clerks had learned from the Belgians, most of this paper dealing with matters that had no existence, plans that could not be carried out, events that had never happened, orders that would be unread or ignored, the paper creation of such appurtenances of the modern state as an air force. The papers existed for a rebel air force, identity cards for Congolese *aviateurs*, tables of organization and supply; there lacked only airplanes, pilots, mechanics, and a comprehension of how an air force worked and what it might do.

Induction into the rebel army involved ritual tattooing, the invocation of totemistic animal spirits, and a proclamation of the soldier's invulnerability to gunfire. Sometimes "baptism" patterned on Christian baptism was part of this ceremony. The army's commander—Nicolas Olenga, a former railway clerk—was attributed with immortality. The soldiers were led into battle by witch men and invariably wore magical amulets. Some of their victories over the Congolese National Army were won because the nationalist soldiers regarded the rebel *dawa* or magic as superior to their own. The rebel soldier's *dawa* endured only so long as he had no physical contact with a white man.

But surely none of this is new. In Africa itself there are the precedents of the Mau Mau rebellion in Kenya, a protest at the loss of tribal lands but a socio-cultural upheaval as well, and one in which obscene (and to the tribe involved, unprecedented) rites were used to indoctrinate militants, and magical powers were claimed. The messianist sects of Central Africa (many of them, particularly of the

Congo region, naive syncretisms of American fundamentalist Protestantism with African animism) have been responsible for a series of political rebellions over the last fifty years—most recently, last year, in Rhodesia. These happenings clearly are related to what went on in Stanleyville, and still goes on in the northeastern Congo.

Nor are the precedents confined to Africa. The Boxer Rebellion in China in 1899 was directed first of all at Christian missionaries and then against their Chinese converts—the “secondary barbarians.” Invulnerability against bullets and swords was invoked for Boxer militants by magical rites; and the magical powers of the Boxers gained credence, briefly, at the Chinese court itself. The Boxers for a time dominated all of northern China and had eventually to be put down by foreign intervention. The earlier T’ai P’ing rebellion in China incorporated the forms and symbols of Christianity into a nativist syncretism that included major elements of social protest and socio-political reform. The leader, who had once been the pupil of an American missionary near Canton, proclaimed himself the “Younger Brother of Christ.” The rebellion lasted from 1850 to 1864, and according to Kenneth Scott Latourette, “hundreds of thousands perished. Much of the Yangtze delta was laid waste, and some of the best libraries were burned.” The Indian “mutiny” of 1857 arose among common soldiers, and before it was over had proclaimed a revival of the Moghul Empire. Even at the time it was noted that it was in fact a protest directed first of all against the “progressive”—and hence, socially most disruptive—colonial measures, the British efforts to end *suttee*, infanticide, caste privileges, and to convert Indian peasants to Christianity.

No series of events are entirely alike, but the resemblances here are clear. The Congolese of Stanleyville and the eastern Congo—and elsewhere—surely are protesting at more than the incompetence of a government in Leopoldville. They, like others before them, are lashing out at all that torments them: a foreign religion that attacks the foundations of their society, the white man who is the cause and agent of disruption, the Christian converts and the “intellectuals” who have compromised themselves by taking over the white man’s values, learning his language and serving in his offices—all those people and things and values which represent the destructive force that has been thrust into their society since those first representatives of the Free State penetrated their region less than a hundred years ago. We may argue that this hundred years has brought to the Congo the beginnings, at least, of progress and civilization and a humane religion. But it may be that to a distraught and half-educated Congolese it has brought only mutilation and exploitation and a moral disorientation of immense power and unimaginable consequences—and that this alien force must be exorcized. Yet even in revolt, the power of alien modernity needs to be appeased or invoked with its own symbols: words and documents and baptisms and Marxist phrases, Christian practices and “progressive” political cant mingled with animism, the seemingly powerful

practices of Belgian bureaucracy mindlessly pursued into the chaos.

Does anyone really believe that what has been going on in the equatorial and eastern Congo is politics? Or that any definition of it is to be found in such newspaper phrases as “Communist rebels” and “Communist-led movement”? I suppose that some do; to describe violence in terms of Communism and the West is the customary language of our times, like calling the sky blue or saying that the sun rises. But as Bertrand Russell remarked many years ago, “metaphysicians, like savages, are apt to imagine a magical connection between words and things.” Immense and obscure events, like those in the Congo, are called political, and named in the language of Communism and imperialism, by the metaphysicians of the press and the foreign offices; but even they are powerless to bring butchered African peasants and laborers, and distracted and disoriented clerks, into more than a dreamy connection with Russia and America—or China. One wonders whether to marvel at or to pity the secret agents and diplomats dispatched by governments to plow this sea.

Africans see the Congo as a terrible threat to African nationalism—anarchy and savagery in their midst, seeming vindication of all that the racists and imperialists have said. They are driven to insist that it all results from Belgian and American intervention, and from the actions of the betrayer, Tshombe. Their response is comprehensible; but as has been said, for other Africans to refuse to act to isolate and pacify the Congo is also a cowardly response, a refusal to admit what exists. Equivalent fantasy is that of the Chinese, who, in their purported lunatic ambition to become the transoceanic midwives of African revolution, profess to recognize a dialectical pattern in the Congo—as, officially, do the Russians and Czechs and Egyptians and Algerians, and all the others who are interfering or sponsoring interference. All seem to think that they can eventually exploit or dominate this upheaval. Meanwhile, the anguish of the Congolese goes on.

As for the American involvement in all this, and the making of that terrible distinction between involvement and exploitation, it may be that there is a sermon text to be found in Joseph Conrad. Whatever it was that happened to Conrad near Stanleyville in 1890, the novel that he made from the experience concerns a gifted European who started out determined to lift the African from his darkness, but who was drawn into darkness himself. This man goes to Africa to provide commerce and development. He writes an impassioned pamphlet for European publication describing the “pity, and science and progress” that could be provided Africans by Europe. But he does not know his own desires. He ends, not merely brutalized but the brutalizer: it is he who consciously corrupts the savages, driving them to crimes they had not before experienced. He dies speaking the words, “The horror! The horror!”; but these are said not of Africa but of what he has done to himself.

BEHIND THE PROTESTS AT BERKELEY



JOHN F. BOLER

No public crisis ever seems to develop on the clear-cut issue its proponents or opponents would have chosen had they been able. But somehow amid platitudes from the administration, slogans from the students, and pomposity from the faculty, some altogether unnecessary violence, *not* from the demonstrators but from the police and a few disorganized bands of students hoping to break up the demonstration, and a good bit of comic relief that probably is funnier now than at the time, there has been a sincere and deep concern on the Berkeley campus for some very important problems.

The crisis was sparked by the administration's decision to bar political activity from the traditional gathering spot at the campus edge. Students responded with a massive protest that encircled and immobilized, for more than a day, a police car that had been called to cart away one of their number. Later, 400 policemen were needed to break up a student sit-in that had taken over Sproul Hall, the Administration building. A total of 814 students were arrested.

There is a popular belief that the whole thing need never have occurred: "If the administration had been reasonable," "If the students had been patient." And with that, the quick solution: "Fire the administration," "Expel the students"; or even more distressing, the attitude a recent newspaper account ascribes to University President Clark Kerr: that the machine should be adjusted here and there, as if the whole matter resulted from a temporary failure in administrative technique. Unfortunately—or fortunately, for that is the positive value of a crisis—the problems exposed cannot be easily smoothed over. The issues clearly extend beyond the limits of the Berkeley campus.

A public university in California that is somewhat of a combined Harvard and City College can be an exciting

place even on a quiet day. The university community, as its life overlaps the campus boundaries, constitutes a kind of social oasis. Besides the usual service businesses and the families of faculty, staff and students, there is a whole coterie of more or less temporary drop-outs, "professional students" and the usual variety of hangers-on. The undergraduate body has always had a paradoxical reputation for Greek Row society, intellectuals and activists. Concentrated in a relatively small area are more than 27,000 students (over a third of them graduate students) and 1800 faculty members, with an administration and staff that, as in any large institution, are legion. The atmosphere of confidence that this is the world's leading university strikes outsiders—including the other campuses of the scattered thing that is the University of California—as simply overweening pride. But even an often hostile public and legislature can still be appealed to on the basis of Berkeley's intellectual prominence.

The current academic year began with student activities at a high pitch. With national and state elections of unusual ideological import underway, with students back from civil rights work in the South and many projects for local demonstrations being planned, anyone even mildly in touch with student sentiment could anticipate that the administrative rules controlling "off-campus" student organization (i.e., non-academic student groups), however "liberalized" they might seem in comparison with the past, were going to cause trouble. The Bancroft and Telegraph Avenue entrance to the campus, a wide spot in the sidewalk erroneously assumed to be city property—the City of Berkeley issued permits for student political groups to set up tables there—was an inadequate but much used safety valve. The plaza behind it, originally a part of Telegraph Avenue and traditionally a place for "off-campus" activity, is now an area about the size of a football field, with Sproul Hall, the main administrative building, on one side and the Associated Student Union of California (ASUC)

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building on the other. At the far end of the plaza, a bit of ornamental iron work, called Sather Gate, was the spot selected for testing the "illegality" of collecting funds, distributing literature and general "politics."

The Bancroft and Telegraph plaza is one of those happy scenes of chaos that mean so much to everyone except the most order-conscious minds, and the original justification for a clamp-down on activities to expedite the flow of traffic was an obvious fraud. At this point, student and faculty opinion overwhelmingly supported the off-campus organizations, but the carnival atmosphere (typical of the opening of school), while it contributed to the vocal expression of discontent, seems to have obscured the seriousness of the issues at stake. Throughout the controversy, one group of faculty, administration and students was unable to shake the idea that the whole mess was simply a rowdy extension of the "boys-will-be-boys" problem beyond the limits of good taste. Another smaller but more serious group followed the knee-jerk reaction of the local press, persisting in the conspiracy theory of more or less organized agitation directed at some kind of "take-over" of the university by dissident elements.

The immediate occasion for the present dispute came about when someone informed the administration that the entrance-way at Telegraph and Bancroft was, except for the normal stretch of sidewalk, indeed university property. The dean's office notified all "off-campus" groups that their normal activity would not be permitted there. While a number of concessions were made subsequently, it was not until the December 18 meeting of the regents that the (probably unconstitutional) effort to control the "advocacy" of social and political issues on campus was abandoned. Early statements from the administration objecting to "action mounted against the outside community," coupled with its insistence to the last that "advocacy of illegal off-campus action" be prohibited, seem to substantiate the general assumption that the action of the dean's office was the result of pressures to prevent the organization on the campus of sit-ins and other civil rights demonstrations directed against local businesses. At any rate, the issue was a real one, and not simply an excuse for rebelling against authority.

Despite the practical difficulties encountered by those faculty and students who made the effort, the matter might eventually have been resolved by negotiation had not the administration tried to pick off the student leadership. Before both of the student demonstrations (the surrounding of a police car on October 1 and the sit-in at Sproul Hall on December 2-3), there were attempted reprisals against selected students and organizations within the large group that had publicly expressed its opposition to the rules. It was this, and the needless massing of the police on both occasions—the demonstrators were always orderly—that gained the support of both faculty and students for the extreme measures the students undertook.

The nineteen off-campus organizations affected by the original ruling included such diverse groups as the University Society for Individualists, the DuBois Club, the Young Republicans, The Young Socialist Alliance, SNCC, CORE, and the Inter-Faith Council. They originally formed a loose coalition, the United Front, and after the first demonstration established themselves as the Free Speech Movement (FSM). While liberal elements have generally prevailed, conservative representation was never absent; despite internal conflicts, the FSM has made many serious efforts to achieve and maintain a broad representation in its various committees.

The vocabulary and style of a few of the more vocal student leaders is evidence of probably more than one brand of Marxism (and not of the highest quality); but the charge of "outside" organization is untrue. According to a survey of arrested demonstrators, there were more from religious organizations (seven percent) than from the "radical" groups (five percent).

During the controversy an important but unpublicized organization of graduate students was formed, the Graduate Coordinating Council. Besides providing a stabilizing element and valuable counsel to the FSM, they were particularly influential in raising faculty interest in the crisis. It was the GCC which, after serious deliberation, organized the strike of December 4. (The fascination of TV cameramen with beards, sandals and long-haired young ladies in dark stockings made it difficult to believe that there was any participation by even recognizably moderate elements.)

The actual strength of the student movement comes through most clearly in terms of the lack of opposition. Hard-core opposition opinion (student and faculty) probably never exceeded five percent of the total university community. The ASUC Senate and the student newspaper posed as "responsible" voices of dissent, but found themselves, as a result, even further isolated from student opinion—and, even more important, confirmed the fact that they are not and never were viable channels for the airing of student grievances. "Students for Cal," an organization to show support to the administration, was still-born. The fact is that from the beginning, the FSM had the support of a high percentage of students interested in social and political affairs from all parts of the political spectrum.

At the moment, the campus is relatively quiet. The danger of the immediate crisis has passed, and the less obvious but essential work of reconstruction is going on at a surprisingly swift pace. The major stabilizing factor was clearly the concern of the faculty shown by their overwhelming vote (seven to one) on December 8 and especially the open and reasonable way they went about it—the result, by the way, of tremendous labors on the part of individual faculty members. The regents' reaction was not all that could be desired, but the issue of advocacy was settled in favor of the students. The senate proposal to place the "political" area under a faculty appointed committee, which was rejected

(*de jure*) by the regents, has been established (*de facto*) by the acting chancellor. During the enforced moratorium of Christmas vacation, extensive work by faculty committees made an encouraging start towards opening up channels to allow for the airing of grievances without recourse to "civil disobedience." It remains to be seen—for there is some anxious watching—how far and how quickly the faculty and administration will go towards a more permanent policy.

There are also two investigating committees made up of regents who apparently are not as yet satisfied about either the past or the future of the matter at hand. According to the rumors, at least, the regents were rather strongly divided themselves about the significance of the disturbance and how to handle it. Probably the most immediate source of further irritation, however, lies with the cases of the arrested sit-ins which are now pending before the courts. But since the university is not itself a party to the charges against them, it seems that only Governor Brown is in a position to stop the proceedings before they come to trial.

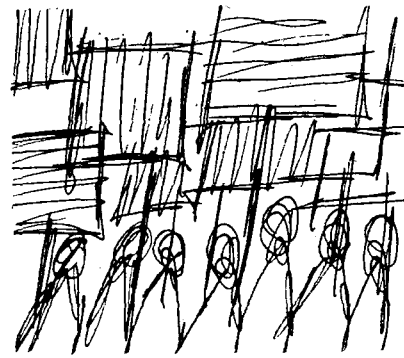
The issues now facing the Berkeley campus—and other American universities—concern the internal structure of the university community and the relevance of politics to the campus. But both these issues must be situated within the context, realistically understood, of the movement of contemporary society. Dissatisfaction with the forms of the immediate past and the demand for dialogue and renewal are not limited to the religious consciousness.

Although disappointing, it is no surprise that the breakdown of communication across generations and between fragments of our society should also be evident in the universities. "The administration," hero of a generation ago when salvation seemed to lie in organization, is an obvious target; but the growth of administrative power, in any institution, is not a simple phenomenon. The students' complaint about being manipulated by a group of conspirators to serve the economic needs of business, or whatever, is naive. On the other hand, their sense of alienation is painfully real and justifiable. The proxy-parent—the administration rather than the faculty seems everywhere to play this role—is more powerful and more impersonal than any mother and father, and less inclined than many parents to treat the students with the dignity and respect accorded adults. The reasonable-sounding suggestion that the students had avenues of appeal open to them is simply not true in practice. In this context, it should be clear, I think, that until the students are really given responsibility, they should not be charged with being irresponsible.

A common misconception is that the students are negotiating from a position of power. But the whole point of the form and manner of their protest is that they had to operate from a position of weakness. Cooling off periods, going through normal channels, or waiting to see are fatal moves when there is no effective hearing outside demonstrations. Moderate leadership in the FSM was constantly

being embarrassed and eventually defeated not by the radicals but by the repressive actions of the administration.

Faculty members made a number of efforts at mediation throughout the controversy and developed the same frustrations as the students. (Even the recommendations of one faculty committee were simply by-passed.) Actually, the channels of communication were long since closed, but they had been so infrequently resorted to as to go unnoticed. The faculty is not without blame in this. Their own relations with the students were far from ideal; the recognition of this may be one of the most satisfying results of the crisis. The faculty at Berkeley (as elsewhere) had volun-



tarily given up its prerogatives, not only on the nagging issues of "beer and sex," but in vital areas of student and faculty concern. (A guilty conscience about their failure to take a stand during the loyalty oath controversy of 1949-50 was surely a factor in solidifying action in the present case.) While the local press has pictured the regents as backed into a corner by unruly faculty and students—thus placing them and the governor, especially, in an uncomfortable political position—a reorganization was clearly overdue. Nor is it altogether an exception in our present cultural scheme that it should be the students who *acted* to make this clear.

The administration in most American universities is a curious hybrid of big business, a grade-school attitude towards education, and the myth of exalted authority of "the professor." The last may be a surprise to many, but administrations have nearly always been able to bring the faculty to their side with a simple suggestion that "the next thing the students want will be to tell you how to teach your classes." The current bogeyman is student control of the South American universities. Passing over the insult to the evident democratic sense of our students and their sincere desire to learn something—which suggests, by the way, that the blame for a breakdown in respect for authority be located elsewhere—the obvious answer to such a frightening suggestion is that we need more and not less democracy in our educational institutions: not a more effective police force but open lines of communication and effective channels for appeal and redress, including the equivalent of a "separation of powers." As we should all be aware now, this cannot be achieved simply by added committees or organizational technique, but only by the hard

work and honest shouldering of responsibility which any community of free men requires.

As for the political issue, I would like to make one point clear. The problem is not one of bringing politics onto the campus (e.g., the so-called "open-speaker policy"). That question has its own difficulties, but it clearly falls within the scope of educational matters—the effort of students and faculty to inform themselves—and while not every university has been able to establish acceptable procedures, the general precedent has been well established. The University of California may be a bit behind but the gap can be easily closed. The problem raised by the Berkeley controversy goes much deeper: it has to do with bringing the university into politics (i.e., the life of the *polis*).

The idea that the university is isolated from the rest of the community rests upon various historical factors. In its earliest days, and in some places in Europe yet, the universities have actually been political sanctuaries: independent, self-governing states within the state. In this country, the situation of such a community within a community is not so clearly defined. The present conditions are probably reinforced, on the one hand by an alienation of the intellectual with a resulting sense of withdrawal on both sides, and, on the other by the treating of students as non-adults, as if they were not full members of the community at large. (Neither of these attitudes is either simply irrational or simply wrong.) More directly, however, the present situation seems to rest on a mutual but unwritten contract to "buy" sanctuary with isolation.

State institutions, such as the University of California, are obviously prohibited from making official pronouncements expressing religious or political preference: from throwing their weight behind, or becoming subject to, religious and political institutions. But this should not be allowed to obscure the fact that the university is now, to varying degrees always has been, and to an increasing extent will be a vital part of the community and an influential force within it. (Although one must draw some distinction between the local community and the society at large.)

The notion of the university as an isolated world is partly myth. And the real importance of the Berkeley disturbance, I think, is that it is an important event in the process of exploding that myth. The reason why the myth must be removed is simply that it obscures the actual structure of campus and community relations which, under the "emperor's new clothes," has not been honestly acknowledged. In the present instance, the students have called attention to some of the inconsistencies that have been generated in these circumstances. But, aside from certain immediate grievances about which their complaint was perfectly justified, they have provided plenty of heat and little light. Despite the quantities of local debate and the spate of articles in national periodicals, the basic issues are nowhere near settled and probably have not even been adequately delineated.

Like any myth, the myth of university sanctuary protects some important values: peace and quiet, academic freedom, self-determination of policies, etc., on the side of the university; but just as important, the ability of the local community to live with an "alien" and—let us admit it—artificial community within it. With the protective myth removed, these values must now be re-established on a realistic basis; this will not be easy. The present student attitude demands (not always consistently) that the isolation of the two communities be abolished; I personally would think that it must at least be drastically reworked. But saying it will not make it so.

A little dialogue with the rest of the community would not be as fruitless as seems to be assumed by many on both sides. Once they get over the initial fright of open confrontation, it may just be that the university and the rest of the community have some very important things to say to one another. On the face of it, however, the first move lies with the university community: to work out in a clear fashion just what it wants to say.

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ROBERT FRANCIS

COME

As you are (said Death)
Come green, come gray, come white
Bring nothing at all
Unless it's a perfectly easy
Petal or two of snow
Perhaps or a daisy
Come day, come night.

Nothing fancy now
No rose, no evening star
Come spring, come fall
Nothing but a blade of rain
Come gray, come green
As you are (said Death)
As you are.

EMERGENCE

If you have watched a moulting mantis
With exquisite precision and no less
Exquisite patience, extricate itself
Leaf-green and like a green leaf clinging
Little by little, leg by leg
Out of its chitin shell, you likewise know
How one day coaxes itself out of another
Slowly, slowly by imperceptible degrees
Of gray, and having fully emerged, pauses
To dry its wings.

5 February 1965: 605

THE OTHER HAMMARSKJÖLD



LEO HINES

The posthumous publication of Dag Hammarskjöld's *Markings* was one of the literary surprises of the year. Few people outside the circle of his intimates were aware that the poised and austere diplomat was either a poet or a man of intense spirituality. Not the least surprising element is the fact that in *Markings*, a book of haikus and sundry devotions, Hammarskjöld spoke both as a Swede and as a distinctively Swedish intellectual, and further, that he proved to be a remarkably eloquent spokesman for a manner of searching for God that is highly consonant with the intellectual manner of his whole generation. And this is all the more fascinating in that in the haiku he chose a highly individualized poetic form and, in certain other of his literary attitudes, took a highly individualized stance.

What he shared most with his generation was, perhaps, his bent for the somber probing of given facts of existence which must trouble all but the most blithe sensibilities and structured minds of the twentieth century. In this sense he was existentialist. In putting forth "feelings of the moment" for shocking and disconcerting events, he was in that tradition of hard-bitten, often lonely, artists who have, ever since the emergence of the cult of the poet as a special personality, devoted themselves to the honing of a razor-sharp sensibility which can, in direct statement, realize or crystallize elusive experience, however symbolic or, it may be necessarily, obscure. In this he may be said to be both impressionist and objectivist.

The haiku is of course a popular form among many of our younger poets, and, despite *Time* magazine's incessant ridiculing of its usage by the Emperor of Japan, has attracted the interest of numerous important writers because of its proficiency in rendering a realistic and swift reading of a given poet's astonished or bemused or delighted *coup d'oeil*. The young Pound and an otherwise forgotten poetess named Adelaide Crapsey appreciated decades ago the conviction of the French Impressionists that art often reflects truth out of existence, and that the race for the real is often indeed to the swift, to those who can capture the most fleeting perceptions of the world around us. The haiku, though Oriental in origin, is therefore only a logical progression from a main element in modern Western poetic and an excursion from the working theory of many major poets,

including Pound, Eliot and Rilke, who learned how to harness the magical and fragile moment to the progress of their more imperial themes.

There can be a double effect to the reading of excessively brief poetic forms, as Mr. Untermeyer obviously understood when he printed one of Miss Crapsey's cinquains after another to give us, thereby, not only the effect of the individual piece, but the cumulative impression of one crystallized moment following hard upon another. We have no way of knowing, but perhaps Mr. Hammarskjöld's reason for holding off printing individual pieces was his realization that his haikus, like Miss Crapsey's cinquains, were most likely to have a telling poetic effect when grouped in a mass. That Hammarskjöld's slender verses are often characterized by a supple and sustained power cannot, in the event, be doubted.

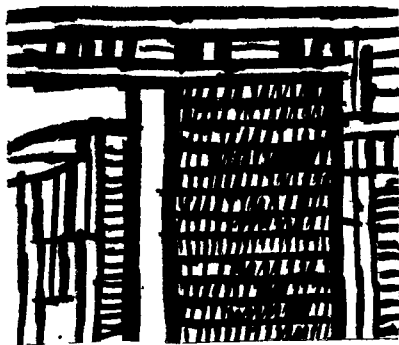
But one of the most significant things about *Markings* is that it will counteract and perhaps even dissolve the sense that many Americans have that what Sweden offers the world, besides a benign, prosperous and humanistic socialism which skirts wars and depressions, is a culture of non-concern verging on the fatalistic. Fatalistic games of chance, paralleling the Russian Roulette of Europe's more dark-minded existentialists (and described with ambiguous and trenchant satire in the film "To Bed or Not to Bed"), have come to stand for a "way out" that is utterly un-Christian in its meaning and irrelevant, in fact, to everything but its own end, surcease. The Bergman movies have added to this picture of darkness in the minds of a physically beautiful people, and have buttressed the architectonic which we are ourselves perhaps building, of a life structure so precarious that it may tumble into disaster through sudden fatalistic interventions by malign or indifferent powers.

Yet we have precedents in history for a spirituality hidden beneath mysterious and unlikely attitudes. One could think of a dozen Renaissance artists who painted or wrote or sang with a blitheness that seemed pagan, when what they intended was Christian intensity. The differences between a Ronsard and a Loyola, for example, are not always the differences between a voluptuary and an ascetic, but between two zestful men of diverging temperaments: one loving the world because it is good, the other condemning it because it is dangerous.

What I am suggesting is that fatalism is often a mask for a groping, a searching spirituality which has not found its

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way to the surface. One of the time-honored functions of the writer is to force the inchoate, somehow, into speech, to define what is loosely held by many, to force from the pre-conscious the vague restless sense of a truth found and held, however tenuously. Thus Camus was speaking authentically when, after a whole generation had wrestled with its frustrated "imaginings of nobleness," he had the young man in *L'Étranger* cry out, "*Je suis l'accusé et j'ai quelque chose à dire.*" What the young man has to say is pitifully little, as it turns out, but *it might have been*, one sometimes has the feeling Camus implies, something altogether grander—in a world that would listen.



If even sin serves, as St. Augustine held, why does not something vastly less reprehensible than sin, the hatred of sham, also serve—serve the redemption of an individual man as well as the race? And could this be the function Hammar skjöld was performing—that of defining fatalism (going beyond Camus) as the myopic groping of a lonely generation finding its way back to the solidarity of Christian fraternalism? Even without his spiritual autobiography this could, I believe, be argued. With that testimony it seems quite convincing.

Again, in common with many of his contemporaries, Hammar skjöld speaks, with a simplicity that can only be embarrassing to people given to theologizing, of a dark night of the soul. Did he experience such profound trials as to justify this sacrosanct yet currently popular term? On the one hand it would seem that only expert ascetical theologians qualify to judge. On the other hand the expression has become almost a vernacular counter to describe the anguish of a holy man's separation from God, and within these limits he is justified in so describing his patently sincere dilemma.

Indeed he seemed to think of his own spiritual experience as singular, and different "from what the knowing ones call Mysticism." Still more significantly he wrote of the inviolability of the personal way: "*Le courage de nos différences.*" Without becoming irresponsible, to accept what divides us—with humility and pride. It is by the new that mankind is saved or betrayed." This is a political statement of course, but politics for Hammar skjöld, as for many twentieth century intellectuals, represents the arena of encounter, the one unavoidable place and inescapable struggle: as such it takes on spiritual dimensions for the spiritual man, as it takes on

materialistic dimensions for the materialistic man. Thus politics was for Hammar skjöld his "sentry duty."

Why, within the framework, given the commitment to a sentry duty that was, still, public, was he so lonely? Not only was he a public figure but a man of striking empathy, as the very success of his career reveals. Surely his love of men was extraordinarily intense. What would the worldly-wise of his political world have thought if they had known that he regarded them with such an intensity as this: "... around me was an infinity into which we all flowed together and lived anew, like the rings made by rain drops upon the wide expanse of calm dark waters."

Yet his loneliness is one of the most persistent themes of his composition. At times he writes of it in terms as magnanimous as could be expected of a human being: "The mystery is a constant reality to him who, in this world, is free from self-concern, a reality that grows peaceful and matures before the receptive attention of the assent." But before this assent there was a strange mingling of the thoughts of a man who wants to be alone, existing "for the future of others without being suffocated by their present" with the thoughts of a man in whom the desire for human affection creates great anguish, although somewhat relieved by a steadying philosophic train of thought: "Work as an anesthetic against loneliness, books as a substitute for people—! You say you are waiting, that the door stands open. For what? People? Is not the Etna for which Empedocles is waiting, a fate beyond human companionship?"

In a way it seems unfair to compare an admittedly religious book with books which make no pretension to the exploration of spiritual things, yet one cannot help observing that books of varying kinds, which are nevertheless in the mainstream of literary impulse, constitute valuable touchstones for each other. The intellectual solitary as an imaginative type, for example, has been with us for a long time. Yet between that type in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or in *La Condition Humaine*, and the type of "poetic I" in *Markings* is a span of a few decades but of psychological worlds, so conscious is the spiritual, the ascetical, delineation of Hammar skjöld's "I" confronting the political world.

Perhaps it would be fairer to compare *Markings* with more recent books, yet the bulk of Hammar skjöld's reflections were written many years before publication and have more in common with an older generation of writers than, say, with Updike or Dowling. It was singularly appropriate that W. H. Auden should have been chosen as co-translator, not only because he is the craftsman par excellence, but because his experience of inflation, depression, war and nuclear bombs was roughly parallel to Hammar skjöld's.

At the same time there is a great timeliness to the latest of these devotions because Hammar skjöld was right in the most recent main current of political thought—together with Claudel and St.-John Perse (whom he quotes more than once) who were working as both diplomats and poets through many of the same years. That timeliness may eventually be discerned as a phenomenon arising out of

World War II and signalized in the United States by the tendency to spirituality, however awkward at times, of a generation which is young enough not to have known the thirties and to have only adolescent memories of World War II, but which is weary of conventionalized political commitment unless it is inspired by a greater respect for the relationship of man to God than the preceding generation, with some notable exceptions, was willing to recognize. One thinks of Merton, of Lowell, of Brother Antoninus and even of Salinger (saving the reverence of certain sceptical critics), as exemplars of a quite widespread feeling that the supernatural is not so dead as twentieth century political history might often suggest.

In another way Hammarskjöld takes the modern approach to piety in that it is a non-theological approach. It is true that more popular theology is being written and read today than at any period in history, with the possible exception of the High Middle Ages. Yet it remains true that most of the artistic community of this country, and probably also of Europe, have, because of the widespread interest in Eastern religions and in naturalistic causes (politics and humanitarianism), for a long time been skirting the orthodoxies of formal Christianity. A "commitment" to one's country or one's fellow man or one's self, with all the anti-intellectualism that such an existentialist bias implies, seems the more common route for the artist today.

Hammarskjöld is therefore in numerous and distinguished company. There are evidences in the book of course of his deep interest in Thomas Aquinas and Meister Eckhart, but it is with the ascetical rather than the doctrinal aspect of their writings that he concerns himself. Neither credalism nor sacramentalism seems to be attractive to him: it is in the direct confrontation of a man with his God that Hammarskjöld is interested. All of this is not disparate but coheres, as it often has before in history, in an intense religiosity which tends to be idiosyncratic because, no doubt, of the terrible obstacle placed in the writer's way when he tries to communicate a sense of the "totally Other."

However distinctive its format, this, then, is very much a book of its time, and not least because the obstacle is difficult to define. Men in the age of science want to *know*, it seems built into our generation to be irritated by the obscure passages of the soul, even in their most rewarding flights. We reflect, we examine, we analyze with a persistence, with a presumption even, that medieval students of the spiritual life would likely have found impious—and perhaps rightly. It appears almost postulated in an age like ours, where spiritual values are extrinsic to the commonplaces of the world-spirit, to justify the validity of religious experience in terms that would be reconcilable with scientific assumption. A modern writer cannot assume, as a Meister Eckhart or a Saint Thomas could, that his readers will be metaphysically sophisticated: he frequently cannot assume this in himself.

For us, the *Angst* which psychology has demonstrated affects our every gesture, and has become the basal flux

which underlies volitional act. The spiritual writing of the Middle Ages relegated this *Angst*, with a greater degree of confidence in what they were doing than we can feel, to the effects of Original Sin. We start with a more troubled world-view and, since it is far from safe to assume that the reading public will readily grant the assumption of the Other, at least in theological terms, we are given to probing spiritual life as if it were psychological case history.

And granted it is, this is a strength in modern spiritual writing. But the mode will be different than it will in an age of belief. We will often probe detail, often muck around in melancholia and despair because the infinite facts concerning life which the scientists have demonstrated are facts, and must be verified either as meaningless or as related to a divine organization. (The controversy as to whether or not beatnik poetry is spiritual forgery in part centers incidentally on this very phenomenon.)

But the magnitude of *Markings* is measured, it seems to me, by the considerable success Hammarskjöld had in delineating the commonness of his experience. He was honest enough to allow that the most pedestrian of temptations occurred to him, that the brutal as well as the delicate were equally before his eyes. Perhaps what we have missed in our popular apprehension of the Scandinavian sensibility is precisely this faculty for a panoramic view of life which on the Continent and in America has been less prominent, since so many of our writers are given to contemplating the lofty or the sordid, one or the other, but not both. In Hammarskjöld's coalescing of these extremes, and of the extremes of the continuum between despair and hope, we have notably convincing evidence that the old things that have been said about man's search are true, but are present to us here in the forms of our own culture.



SISTER MARY JEREMY, O.P.

SOME FRUIT IN COLD WEATHER

Complexity of the tangerine is little by little impressive. It doesn't weigh much, lies in the palm of the hand like something docile, Glossy. Dented on one side with a dimpled peak on the other.

Break the loose, pored skin with your nail; there issues gently

a small puff of tangerine-air.

Inside, the rind's more widely pored, lined with the yielding, intricate net that will hang yellowing lace from your finger.

Three or at most four drops of mandarin nectar glitter just where the segments come together and a strand of cottony pith runs down the center.

The seeds are surprisingly large: kitchen-common, they make you forget for a minute what you are holding: *Citrus reticulata* named from Tangiers.

INTERMARRIAGE AND THE COURT



ALLAN C. BROWNFELD

When the Supreme Court recently struck down a Florida statute which made it a crime for Negroes and whites to cohabit, simply on the grounds of an arbitrary racial classification, it went part of the way down a long, long road of legal evolution. It did not go the whole way. There remain those who believe that current statutes forbidding racial intermarriage stand as thoroughly constitutional, and within the province of state law.

In the Court's decision Mr. Justice White noted that "... we deal here with a racial classification embodied in a criminal statute. In this context, where the power of a state weighs most heavily on the individual or group, we must be especially sensitive to the policies of the Equal Protection Clause, which ... were intended to ... subject all persons to 'like punishment, pains, penalties, taxes, licenses and exactions of every kind, and to no other.'"

The rationale of the decision, therefore, is quite simple. A state law may not make the same act a crime, when a Negro performs it, and a legal act, or a lesser crime, when it is performed by a citizen of a different race. In concurring opinions Mr. Justice Stewart and Mr. Justice Douglas carry this idea to its logical conclusion. They stated: "... It is simply not possible for a state law to be valid under our Constitution which makes the criminality of an act depend upon the race of the actor."

Although the Court may use this argument as the basis of a future attack on the marriage laws themselves, it carefully set limits to its current constitutional declaration. The Florida law involved in the case made it a crime for a Negro man and white woman, or white man and Negro woman, not married to each other, habitually "to occupy in the nighttime the same room." One of the arguments presented before the Court by Florida's Assistant Attorney General was that this law must be preserved to prevent intimacy leading to intermarriage. To this line of reasoning, Mr. Justice White replied: "We reject this argument, without reaching the question of the validity of the state's prohibition against interracial marriage or the soundness of the arguments rooted in the history of the amendment. ..." Nevertheless, despite this disclaimer, we may assume from current policy that the Court's thinking in the present case will be broadly applied.

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In the field of civil rights, there is scarcely an issue which stirs the passions and fears of so many as the status of prohibitions in the intimate area of marriage: declarations that men and women of different races may not marry, and that if they do so they are guilty of a crime. The first law banning mixed marriages was passed in 1661 by the Colony of Maryland. Virginia followed in 1691 with a statute providing that a white man having a bastard by a Negro or mulatto should pay a fine of 15 pounds or, in default of payment, be sold for five years. Massachusetts enacted its first anti-miscegenation statute in 1705, followed by Delaware, Pennsylvania and North Carolina. By 1932, thirty states forbade miscegenation, and the penalties provided for the violation of these laws varied from imprisonment for a few months to a term of up to ten years and fines ranging up to \$20,000. Today nineteen states maintain their prohibitions against miscegenous marriages.

The exercise of control over the marriage relation by the states dates back to our earliest legal decisions. As early as 1819 Chief Justice John Marshall pointed out that "All of our marriage and divorce laws ... are state laws and state statutes; the national power with us not having legislative or judicial cognizance of the matter within these localities."

The control of the state in this area seems to have been almost beyond question. In 1887 the Supreme Court noted that "Marriage as creating the most important relation in life, as having more to do with the morals and civilization of a people than any other institution has always been subject to the control of state legislatures."

Control, however, cannot be an unreasonable control. In the case of *American Sugar Refining Company v. Louisiana*, the Court stated that "... the doctrine of legislative control does not carry with it the right to enact race and class legislation. Such legislation may not be discriminatory, irrational with no legitimate end, but rather, an unreasonable expression of popular prejudice."

Courts which have upheld miscegenation statutes have pointed to supposedly valid reasons for their establishment and enforcement. A Georgia court held that the amalgamation of the races was not only unnatural but "is always productive of deplorable results." The decision said that "our daily observation shows us that the offspring of these unnatural connections are generally sickly and effeminate, and

that they are inferior to the fullblooded of either race in physical development and strength. . . ."

In an early Missouri case, it was held that mixed unions were incapable of reproduction. Later courts followed this precedent! Scientific knowledge concerning the nature of race and the inherent abilities of the races has been completely ignored even in recent cases, many of which sound as if they had been written a century ago: "We find in the Constitution," the Virginia Court ruled in 1955, "no requirements that the states shall not legislate to prevent the obliteration of racial pride, but must permit the corruption of blood even though it weaken or destroy the quality of its citizenship. . . ."

Another argument has been advanced to prove that these statutes have a genuine relation to some reasonable purpose within the competence of a statute: the idea that racial intermarriage would produce such strong and widespread group feelings "and racial repulsions and antagonisms" as to threaten the security and tranquility of the state. This argument seems less persuasive when viewed against the 1940 holding of the Supreme Court in *Cantwell v. Connecticut*. The Court warned against the state's "attaining a permissible end" (such as securing security and tranquility) by using its regulative power "unduly to infringe" on a freedom the law should protect. The Court further advised that the real danger came from "the coercive activities of those who in the delusion of racial or religious conceit would incite violence and breaches of the peace in order to deprive others of their equal right to the exercise of their liberties. . . ."

Those who defend such laws must remember the legal maxim that a law should cease when the reason for the law has ceased. The marriage relation, then, is within the realm of state authority, but every restriction must be a reasonable one. Once the idea of racial inferiority has been removed, along with that of prohibiting the exercise of rights which might endanger "tranquility," it seems certain that the Court will carry its current decision to the logical conclusion and void all such statutes.

The Florida case dealt with a criminal statute, and all miscegenation statutes are at this time also criminal statutes, involving penalties for those who violate them. But to declare such statutes unconstitutional the Court will also have to deal with the aspect of state regulation of marriage, for such statutes might easily be made into civil ones, involving no criminal penalties, and thereby avoid the law which comes out of the recent decision.

When the Supreme Court will speak on the question of interracial marriage is hard to say. That it will declare state statutes prohibiting such marriages unconstitutional is almost certain. The long journey will, thus, have been completed and another arbitrary racial barrier will have been eliminated. Liberals and conservatives alike, who both oppose unlimited governmental power in the area of personal lives, should join in affirming such a decision.

LES GIRLS

THE SCREEN

The moviemakers aren't ganging up on women and probably don't even dislike them. It's just that we are in the midst of a cycle in which very attractive stars are portraying characters who are not very nice girls. Some of the films in this trend are reviewed here—and there is a promise of many more to come. But don't let this cycle make you anti-feminist; that's not what it has in mind.

Although we don't know too much about him, except that at the beginning of "Signpost to Murder" he is in an asylum for the criminally insane and was convicted of killing his wife, our sympathies are with Stuart Whitman, who has played this role before and has it down to perfection. And we find ourselves plugging for Stuart when the asylum psychiatrist (Edward Mulhare) pleads for his release and later, after the plea fails, when the convict escapes and hides out in a handsome, lonely house down by an old millstream. Joanne Woodward, who never looked more stunning, plays the woman of the house whose husband, away on a business trip, is expected home soon. But once Stuart installs himself in the place and has no difficulty in cajoling Joanne and making love to her, scary events begin to happen faster than we can keep up with them. Since Sally Benson based her script on the long-running English theatrical thriller by Monte Doyle, it would be unfair to reveal any more of the story. But keep your eye on Miss Woodward (which is easy to do) and on that endlessly-turning water wheel right outside the house. It seems to have a hypnotic effect on cast and audience.

No doubt "Sylvia" could be considered a mystery film too. Its plot consists mainly of a series of flashbacks that reveal what a private eye (George Maharis) learns when he is hired by a Los Angeles millionaire (Peter Lawford) to investigate his fiancée's past. It becomes a sort of who-is-Sylvia-and-what-was-she affair as Maharis chases hither and yon (Pittsburgh, Mexico, New York, California) and interviews a long succession of people—surprisingly enough in chronological order as far as Sylvia's sordid story is concerned. Carroll Baker plays the title role well enough under Gordon Douglas's direction, but there are so many flashbacks and unsavory details in Sylvia's seamy tale from the grubby days when the teenager was raped by her stepfather and became a prostitute and an expensive call girl before she retired to reformed respectability, that the whole thing is more like an off-color soap opera than a mystery or a Dreiserian yarn of realistic woe. Outstanding in the large cast that includes Joanne Dru, Viveca Lindfors, and Edmond O'Brien among the many tale-bearers is Ann Sothern as a slob of easy virtue. "Sylvia" has some occasional touches

of interesting film-making, but not enough to warrant this lengthy movie or its ridiculous finale.

Starting as it does with a body on the beach, "Love Has Many Faces" also has an early aspect of a mystery thriller, especially when the Acapulco police trace the bracelet the dead boy is wearing. The clue leads to Lana Turner, a very wealthy American who is lolling on her yacht with her husband (Cliff Robertson), a former beach boy who is trying not to feel too guilty for having married money. The first mystery, however, is soon dissipated: the dead boy was a suicide. But it seems that Lana had and still has quite a yen for beach boys. So when the dead boy's fiancée (Stephanie Powers) arrives for the funeral and discovers the boy was wearing Lana's bracelet, she starts to make a play for Cliff to get even. And Lana seems to welcome the attentions of Hugh O'Brian, who gives the film's best performance as a slimy, muscular beach boy who practices all the tricks of the trade, specializing in rich American females and is not averse to a little blackmail. Lana Turner is no longer in the first bloom of youth, but she looks wonderful in the snazzy costumes designed by Edith Head, so it's hard to tell whether it's she or her money that the boys are after. Even more wonderful are the stunning color shots of Acapulco and Mexico City. The only real mysteries in connection with "Love Has Many Faces," however, are how and why such an inane story was stretched out so long.

Silliest of all in this round-up of tramps is the role of the scriptwriter's wife played by Brigitte Bardot in "Contempt," the latest offering of New Wave director Jean-Luc Godard. One doesn't expect too much of New Wave directors any more, but this effort is only a drip. It's a rather expensive drip, however, because "Contempt" was made in CinemaScope and color, and has some lovely views of Rome and Capri. It also has many shots of Miss Bardot in the nude, shots that will take the viewer's mind off the ridiculous script which Godard wrote from a Moravia story. It's somewhat difficult to tell from the film who has contempt for whom, although it is most likely that Brigitte has it for her husband (Michel Piccoli) because he is willing not only to rewrite *The Odyssey* for a very vulgar American film producer (Jack Palance) but also he is urging his wife to be "nice" to this money-bags. Then again, the scriptwriter may be contemptuous of both his wife and the producer. Or maybe the producer holds everyone connected with the movie business in contempt. Godard's film has his usual "in" jokes with plenty of name-dropping of movie biggies and a couple of amusing sight gags like the long scene in an almost empty apartment that is burlesque of Antonioni and those shots of the scriptwriter (who never takes off his hat) wrapped in a sheet and looking like Mastroianni fresh out of "8½." The great film director Fritz Lang plays a film director named Fritz Lang in "Contempt." Maybe it is he who has contempt for what's going on here. And so should we.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE COMEDY OF QUAINTESS

THE STAGE

The trouble with trying to revive old comedies is that good comedy very seldom "keeps" for more than a century or so. The bones of a joke last forever, of course—but that's all you get, just the bones. The bloom, the bouquet, whatever it is that makes a joke seem impossibly funny at the time, usually fades with the society that hatched it.

This would seem to be less true of classical comedies, like Molière's "Tartuffe," which we shall come shambling round to in a moment—but it is only slightly less true. Timeless comedy is almost as much an illusion as the timeless English that the late Monsignor Knox strove for in his Old Testament translations (the translations came out, of course, excellent Edwardian). Language is stubbornly rooted in time and place, and so is humor. No doubt Greek scholars have been observed to cackle drily over ancient Greek humor—but this is the humor of quaintness. It is mildly amusing to find that Greeks had mother-in-laws, that Pericles told his barber to shut up—in short that the feeblest jokes of our day were the feeblest jokes back then too. But the best jokes perish.

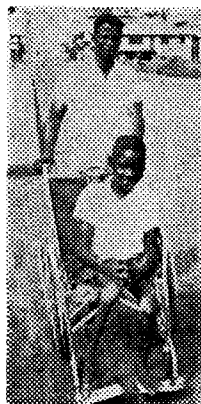
Quaintness sometimes serves to conceal this for a long time. It is quaintness that hides the fact that, say, "Charley's Aunt" has almost left us; that Shakespeare's humor is largely incomprehensible; that even the great Aristophanes cannot compete on level terms with the Marx Brothers. If the quaintness is handled right, it can make a modern audience suppose that it is laughing at the same joke that broke up contemporaries: but it is always that dry, mild laughter, never authentic chaos.

This leaves a modern director of stuffed comedies in a pretty quandary. Since nobody knows what is really funny about the originals, he can only do one of two things with them: he can lay on the quaintness with a trowel, exaggerating the period manners, costumes, etc., or he can modernize, by inserting comedy styles and bits of business from his own period. (If he is a genuine scholar with a rich endowment there is a third recourse: to play his old comedy as close as possible to its original plan. Then nobody will guess that it's a comedy at all.)

William Ball has both quaintified and modernized his new production of "Tartuffe," with mixed results. The multiplication of modish comic business is a Broadway affliction—no one can cross a room without making a face or bumping into something—that is as much of a nuisance in "Tartuffe" as anywhere else. On the other hand his minuet-like curtain-call is a fine piece of spuriousness, a quaintification that works.

But the most curious thing that Mr. Ball has done has been to de-artificialize the play, and then so to speak to re-artificialize it. In classical French comedy (to judge at least

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from the Comédie Francaise interpretations) the characters are highly-mannered "types," virtually marionettes in fact, who illustrate this or that vice along a narrow groove of gesture and inflection: a squeaky, protesting voice for the hypocrite, a fruity rumble for the glutton, etc.

Mr. Ball has kept a trace of this stylization (it would be next to impossible not to), but at the same time, he has turned his characters into real people with real problems. Tartuffe himself, the classic religious con-man, is portrayed as a virtually pathological specimen by Michael O'Sullivan: he rolls his eyes, staggers like a bad spastic case and howls like a mad dog. When the time comes for him to make a pass at his host's wife he grovels in demented, uncontrollable lechery—evidently this boy is in trouble, and it becomes difficult to watch him with one's usual cool, 18th-century amusement.

And the family he exploits takes things pretty hard too, which has the verbal consequence of putting too much weight on the more twittersome lines. Richard Wilbur has translated the play into English couplets, some of them ingenious, and some of them pretty bad (with rhymes that a popular-song writer would blanch at), and the actors don't throw half enough of them away, because they are playing it all with too much feeling.

Several scenes of icy artificiality have been made quite heavily dramatic, to the point where, at moments, we seem part way towards a problem-play. But Mr. Ball has then re-artificialized matters with his own line of monkey-business: prat-falls, hiccoughs, little spasms of "aren't we having fun" that are equally far from the spirit of classical comedy.

This sounds like a knock, but it is only half a knock. Having seen Molière done in the more classical style, I am obliged to admit that I found Mr. Ball's rendering artistically irritating perhaps, but exhilarating too. The comedy of "types," even at its most brilliant, is the comedy that our period is most out of tune with. (As a footnote to my opening preachments, I should say that queer affinities do exist between historic periods which can make old jokes as good as new; but the comedy of types is a comedy of essences and our artistic prejudices are existential at the moment. End of footnote.) By humanizing and pathologizing "Tartuffe," Mr. Ball has perhaps done the best that can be done for it in terms of a general modern audience: not Molière's joke precisely, but an interesting play based on Molière's joke. (At the ANTA Washington Square Theatre.)

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OF NOTE

Among the many obstacles to Christian reunion, differences between Protestants and Catholics on ethical issues loom large. In a recent issue of *The Ecumenist* (bi-monthly, 304 W. 58th St., New York, N.Y.), Father Albert R. Jonsen, S.J. discussed Protestant-Catholic ethical disagreements. A portion of Father Jonsen's article follows:

Recent controversies between Catholics and Protestants on nuclear war, birth control, censorship, etc., give the impression that Christians contribute more discord than common concern about critical questions. Certainly, our disagreements cannot be the manifestation of disregard for human life, for the sacredness of marriage, for the value of liberty, as one occasionally hears. The Catholic who opposes contraception and the Protestant who advocates it are *both* profoundly concerned about *both* the value of human life and the sacredness of marriage. Their disagreement stems rather from the more radical and usually unexpressed presuppositions about how ethics should go about its business. Paul Lehmann's recent *Ethics in a Christian Context* (Harper and Row, 1963) makes a substantial contribution to this question. . . .

A phrase from Dietrich Bonhoeffer's *Ethics* strikes me as a convenient theme to illuminate the principal differences between Catholic and Protestant ethical presuppositions. "One is distressed," he writes, "by the failure of reasonable people to perceive either the depths of evil or the depths of the holy." (*Ethics*, New York, 1961, p. 4.)

Catholics tend to approach an ethical problem as "reasonable people," that is, with confidence in the ability of intelligence to delineate the problem and to provide norms for its solution. Thus, philosophical ethics, natural law, conscience and prudence play an extremely important role in Catholic moral theology. Prior to any properly theological examination of an issue, the moral theologian will investigate whether the acts involved are in conformity with rational human nature. The norm of morality, in moral theology as in ethics, is "right reason," for in the realm of activity as in the realm of being, "grace perfects nature."

The Protestant is much less confident about reason's role. It is sometimes said, quite inaccurately, that Protestants reject reason and natural law. And it is true, as Reinhold Niebuhr writes, "Protestant orthodoxy allowed its idea of total depravity . . . to betray it into contempt for the rational contribution to morality." (*Interpretation of Christian Ethics*, New York, 1956, p. 185.) However, contemporary Protestant ethics generally allows a place for rules, principles, laws and adequate rational motivation for fulfilling them.

Yet, reason and law provide only guiding, pedagogical concepts, not absolute, binding principles. Reason only prepares the way for moral decision, which the Christian must make ultimately in terms of the demand of charity, in terms of his neighbor's need. "All that is less than love," writes Brunner, "is relative, an indication of love, and as such it is certainly significant, but as such it cannot be fixed in any absolute 'law,' in any kind of 'lex naturae'." (*The Divine Imperative*, Philadelphia, 1957, p. 89.)

Thus, arguments from natural law which Catholics may consider suasive and morally binding are, at best, advisory and tentative for Protestants. This attitude rests on several convictions. Firstly, reason, wounded by sin, cannot shed very bright light on moral questions. The hopeless confusion of philosophical ethics is proof of this. Secondly, the so-called natural law is often "natural" only to the culture that proclaims it. Thirdly, reason and law tend to force codes and regulations onto the Christian's free exercise of his liberty in Christ. Finally, the Christian ethic must transcend and judge all natural morality, for it represents the divine judgment which condemns the false righteousness of man and reveals the impotence of human nature. It wrests from man the cry of distress and contrition, "the good I would, that I do not . . . who will deliver me?"

This attitude leads to our second point, expressed in Bonhoeffer's phrase, "the depths of evil." Catholics discuss ethical questions in terms of committing or avoiding sin.

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Moral theology prefaces its treatise on sin with a careful analysis of "the human act," its elements, determinants and obstacles. Sin is defined primarily as personal, actual sin, "the voluntary transgression of a moral law imposing obligation on the will."

Protestants, mindful of man as *simul justus et peccator* tend to define sin primarily as a condition of man, an ineradicable state which God's loving mercy alone can overlook and forgive. Man not only sins; he is a sinner, alienated in his whole being from God, yearning both for self-assertion and for righteousness. "Whatever man does is tainted by evil, because evil is entrenched in the very heart of the personality. No moral effort can extricate one from this situation." (Brunner, *op. cit.*, p. 71.)

This sinfulness, of course, does manifest itself by some particular acts of disobedience or breach of moral law. Thus, there can be specific acts that are certainly sinful. Bonhoeffer says, "Even in the midst of the fallen, lost world, it makes a difference in God's sight whether a man observes or violates the order of marriage and whether he acts justly or arbitrarily." (*op. cit.*, p. 97.) Even here, however, the sinfulness of the act is not so much to be found in the nature of the act itself, but rather in its quality of failure to trust God's love or to act out of love.

For example, birth control might be considered sinful not because of the kind of action involved, but because it might imply a failure to trust in God's providential care for one's family. In this conception, then, sin means "the opposite of all Christian love means. Any falling short of disinterested love for neighbor . . . any falling short of the strenuous teachings of Jesus, any falling short of the full definition of obligation contained in I Corinthians 13—this is what is meant when Christians speak of man as sinful. If we ought to have 'faith effective through love,' then sin means 'pride . . . working through selfishness.' Sin means: anxious self-centeredness . . ." (Paul Ramsey, *Basic Christian Ethics*, New York, 1961, p. 290.)

This exalted expression of Christian obligation leads us to the third contrast, the "depths of the holy." If the Protestant is profoundly impressed with man's status as sinner, he is also overawed by the justification which a merciful God bestows upon him and the subsequent response that this demands of him. This response is expressed in language which the Catholic usually reserves for the ascetical life and spiritual perfection rather than for moral questions. Thus, moral theology treats "the precepts" at great length, but defers "the counsels," after brief discussion, to ascetical theology.

Protestant tradition, following Luther's rejection of this distinction, claims that the Christian vocation cannot be restricted or discussed in terms of minimum obligations nor the binding force of law or precepts. Thus, Protestant ethics is greatly concerned with discovering the meaning, force, and extent of the divine command of love. This is the atmosphere of Protestant ethics. "Nothing is good save obedience to the command of God, just because it is

obedience. . . . But to be obedient to the will of God means: love your neighbor! Hence the content of the commandment is not an abstract law, a program that can be known beforehand and codified, but it means a swift responsiveness to the needs of others and action in accordance with their needs in their particular circumstances . . . it is wholly impossible to conceive of love in terms of rules and regulations." (Brunner, *op. cit.*, p. 59.) Thus, the Christian is faced with nothing less than unconditional demand for obedience in love. Such a demand comes to every Christian, although it is strictly beyond his power to fulfill. This is so because the ethic of Jesus is both a revelation of human weakness and an indictment of the world, because the Christian must never feel that he achieves any good or "wins" any grace apart from the merciful love of God.

Of course, Catholic moralists realize that they possess a clear mandate for their labors of spelling out the implications of the divine law in the Lord's words, "If thou wilt enter life, keep the commandments . . . thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery . . ." They are also aware of his further advice, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast . . . and come, follow me." They know that there is a call beyond the law. But their discipline has become an "ethics of the law" primarily because of its historical development as a practical science for confessors. It has never limited itself to "mere law" in terms of its ideals. The standard moral theology texts, although they may have underemphasized the ideals, have always insisted that the Christian be urged to go beyond the minimal limits

of the law and be exhorted to live the fuller life of Christian love. In conclusion, we shall summarize the three differing presuppositions that seem to impede clear and unbiased dialogue in Christian ethics:

(1) Nature, reason, law are fundamental and obligatory for Catholics; guiding and tentative for Protestants.

(2) Catholics tend to discuss sin and guilt in terms of acts; Protestants emphasize sinfulness, a condition, an abiding state.

(3) Catholics speak of obligation to keep minimal law; Protestants speak of "obligation" only to the highest command of love.

While these divergences in basic presuppositions are typical for the present state of the dialogue on Christian ethics, there are grounds for the hope that a more constructive atmosphere is emerging. On the one hand, many Protestant thinkers are manifesting a renewed interest in "natural law," and this interest will have the effect of helping Catholic theologians to articulate more clearly and in a more balanced fashion their own convictions on the role of "nature" and reason in man's existential encounter with the religious and ethical challenge. On the other hand, Catholic moralists today are laboring to develop a Christian ethics in which the method and language would more clearly manifest the divine command of love and the personal response that it elicits from the conscience of each Christian. This new interest of each partner in the "specialty" of the other will almost certainly lead to a Christian ethics in which the harmony of the orders of creation and redemption will be more richly manifest.

BOOKS



On how to be a revolutionary in your spare time

Love and Revolution

MAX EASTMAN

Random House, \$8.95

DAVID CORT

Young people and myself are generally ignorant, for different reasons, of the American radical movement in the World War I period, and its farcically gentlemanly tone. Max Eastman, now 82, was a young leader of this golden horde, editor of the old *Masses*, biographer of Trotsky, compulsive lover, and he knew everybody (the index is staggering). His style has not matured with age; it is fantastically

garrulous; yet the material makes it an historical source book, even though one may not quite believe everything.

This leader of the American Bolsheviks arrived in Russia in time to hear Lenin's next to last public speech, and saw the scramble for power between Trotsky and Stalin, or rather Trotsky's singular failure to scramble. On grounds that were doctrinaire, not personal, he became a Trotskyist and so, back in America, the black beast of the Stalinists. The Communist assassins, the Michael Golds, the doctrinaire alleygoons took the radical movement, quite properly and naturally, away from the gentlemen. In this progress, Eastman

reveals himself as an essentially unserious man, an actor in a dream, even as he actually carried a spear on one of the great stages of history.

Stalin's long, patient treatment of Communism as a duck to be pressed, the purges which consumed the whole family of Eastman's Russian wife, even to the babies, Stalin's boiling peacetime blood gravy, are reported again by Eastman.

However, as for himself, he blandly tells two stories which do not mesh. In 1923, in Sochi, he visits the most squalid family in town, the closest to starvation, a shaking old man and four females, the last of the great name of

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Rimsky-Korsakov, former friends of the American Vanderbilts, Belmonts and Mackays. He is wonderfully sensitive and sympathetic to their manners, style and gallantry, even though they are filthy and nearly dead. And then he simply walks away. It does not even occur to him that he should help them, at least write the rich Americans where their friends are, and their condition. He must have felt that as a Communist he had brought them to this state, they were rightly defeated and should die.

But then, a decade later, when he was still a Communist, though not a Stalinist, he found that his books in America were not selling as well as they normally should have. "Not only were anti-Communist books mysteriously turned down in manuscript, ill-advertised when accepted, sabotaged in sales departments, and slipped under the counter in bookstores, but nonpolitical books by authors known to hold anti-Communist opinions" (especially anti-Stalinist opinions) "met the same deadly impediment of underground hostility."

Relax. Forget Senator McCarthy. Paranoiac as it sounds, this sentence is perhaps the most factual, certifiable sentence in the whole book. It is observable reality that Communist allegiance turns a decent man into a blackguard in about six months, and like a juvenile delinquent, an ex-Communist can never forego his glorious villainy. The pro-Communist position was a sort of intellectual consensus, a signal with the eyes, a collective twitch in some brain lobe, a thing like mother-love that nobody in his right mind knocks.

However, if Eastman did not object to the destruction of the Rimsky-Korsakovs, so much more distinguished than himself, how can he protest against his own destruction, even in America?

Eastman's unconscious inconsistency impels me to some comment on the Communist solution and the intellectuals, since I am a liberal and, I hope, an intellectual.

Intellectuals have always imagined that they thoroughly understand the Russian revolution because they can read and there is a Communist litera-

ture, and so the one who has read the most understands it best. But the fact is that such a man as Lyndon Johnson could understand the Russian revolution more completely in two hours than any intellectual ever will.

Or, to get more fundamental, I have never been able to understand how "dictatorship of the proletariat," meaning the industrial workers, even if ever achieved (as it has never been), had anything to do with "freedom," as the golden boys believed. To me the expression is objectionable for the second as well as the first noun. (I am not running for a labor union office.) Why not a dictatorship of the farmers or salespeople or writers or dentists or drunkards, or, what we nearly have, the lawyers?

To get still more fundamental, any dream of a wholly planned, or "perfect," society must be based on the grand fallacy that man will ever know everything about the universe, or even his own village. Let us say the wisest and purest of men, or committees, have power to dispose the entire use and distribution of all the resources of a large, medium, or small area. The result will always be a disaster, large, medium, or hardly ever small. And then it invariably turns out that our man or our committee was not quite as wise and pure as we had thought. Eastman seems to have been ineffably wise and pure.

Socialism gets some prestige from the fact that some planning of the society is always a brutal necessity. The habitat is plundered and fouled, and the whole society must protect itself. Any representative government must in that sense plan the society. This is conservation, not socialism.

But the dreadful Chimaera of god-like power over the society somehow meant "freedom" to Eastman. He has no misgivings about the idea, as distinguished from the practice. He is rather superb in his evasion of having ever been wrong about anything (for after all he wound up on *Readers' Digest*) and so holds true to the Communist vision.

For some Americans, this fidelity in-

spires something that goes beyond skepticism or cynicism or disbelief or irritability or anger or rage; the helpless and shameful endpoint is blind fury. One might prefer to sweep this history into some cauldron or incinerator. But one cannot. It exists as part of the American record, on which are many notable names.

During World War II, however, Eastman might well have been helpful in American policy-making. He says: "No one who knew the truth about Russian communism and about Stalin was ever consulted by those in high office . . ." I agree that this was an expensive oversight. A little Eastman then might have spared us a lot of McCarthy later.

A final value of this book is that it gives the authentic version of the Eastman-Hemingway "fist-fight" in the Scribner offices.

SNCC: The New Abolitionists

HOWARD ZINN
Beacon Press, \$4.95

MARGARET O'BRIEN

From February 1, 1960 when the first sit-ins occurred in Greensboro, North Carolina, to Spring, 1964, young members of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee moved across the South, organizing sit-ins, freedom rides, and voter registration drives. Their efforts put them on intimate terms with cattle prods, jail cells, and a cast of law enforcement officials whose style of rule would warm the heart of—maybe Ivan the Terrible.

This book is built on the personal accounts of these young men and women. It is journalism; it is "human interest"; and it is valuable. We remember that behind "strategy" and "power structure" and "backlash" are people; that there are parts of our nation where *people* who work for equal rights—and not "strategies" or "power structures"—are defeated and sometimes killed.

Howard Zinn records the SNCC workers' early realization that the ter-

rorized Negroes of the South would never cooperate unless the workers proved themselves willing to make a long-term commitment; problems were sure to multiply for the local Negro community the minute civil rights activities began. SNCC did make that commitment and has since shared the lot of the Southern Negro: poverty, discouragement, police and civilian harassment, shotgun blasts, beatings, church-burnings, and murder. SNCC has also shared in the joy of creating a community spirit, based on non-violence and education, which has changed the Southern Negro, and which hopes to change his white brother.

SNCC's commitment, Zinn makes clear, has not been matched by the federal government; consistently the Justice Department has refused to prosecute Negro civil rights cases because, it maintains, no white Southern jury would give the case fair consideration. One can only marvel then not at the blindness of Justice but of her stalwarts, the Justice Department and the F.B.I., when they decided to prosecute nine civil rights workers in Albany, Georgia before an all-white Southern jury, having removed all possible Negro jurors in the interest of fairness.

The civil rights workers in that case were accused of picketing a white grocer, not because he refused to hire Negroes, but because he had served on a federal jury which dismissed a civil suit brought by a Negro against the sheriff of Baker County. (The Negro accused the sheriff of shooting him while in custody; the sheriff was acquitted and the Negro was later sentenced to five years for assault.) The students were convicted of harassing a federal juror.

When one SNCC worker, Joni Rabinowitz, claimed she had not been one of the pickets, the Justice Department prosecuted her for perjury. She produced thirteen witnesses who supported her including a white girl who looked like her and had been picketing. The defense moved for dismissal on the ground of mistaken identity. The Justice Department refused and Miss Rabinowitz was convicted. Over thirty

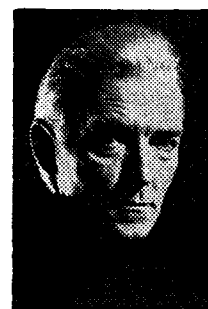
F.B.I. agents were used on this case, in which, incidentally, a civil rights worker was convicted whose pregnant wife had lost her baby after being kicked and assaulted by local police officials—in *that* case the federal government could do nothing!

Zinn details the laws (some on the books for decades) with which the federal government could protect the Southern Negro and his champions if the decision to enforce were made. Is it any wonder that SNCC workers might occasionally have suspected that the Attorney General was not Robert Kennedy but Franz Kafka? Their frustration in this regard was summed up by SNCC chairman, John Lewis, whose speech to the March on Washington originally included the question, "I want to know: which side is the Federal Government on?" Lewis never asked that question, however; it was objected to by another speaker, Archbishop O'Boyle of Washington, who has since requested from the Vatican Council another declaration on racial justice.

SNCC: *The New Abolitionists* is a combination of good journalism, hagiography and prophecies, with the latter two weakening the impact of the former. Zinn tends to lay on SNCC the robe of the Messiah, a robe which makes it look ridiculous. Rhetoric overpowers reporting; he describes one SNCC field worker: "the football player turned SNCC organizer, the Christian turned Jew, the Blackman turned Everyman."

In the last chapter "Revolution Beyond Race" he enumerates the major political, judicial, educational, and economic problems we face today and adds: "in the end, whether SNCC will continue as a vital force in American life will depend on whether it thrusts and points beyond race, probing the entire fabric of society to point to injustice of all kinds, constituting itself as a permanent, restless prod to the conscience of the nation." It would be nice, but SNCC is not going to save the world. By suggesting it could, Zinn places SNCC's true greatness in a possible (but very doubtful) future; and he needn't have.

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Justification

HANS KÜNG

Thomas Nelson & Sons, \$7

JAMES F. McCUE

The thesis of this work is already well known: "On the whole there is fundamental agreement between the theology of Barth and that of the Catholic Church on the doctrine of justification." Though Küng does not maintain that the agreement between Barth and Catholics is total, he argues that the differences are on minor points and are not significantly greater than differences which one might find existing among Catholics. To this Barth has responded in an introductory "Letter to the Author," that "you have fully and accurately reproduced my views as I myself understand them. . . . Furthermore, your readers may rest assured—until such time as they themselves might get to my books—that you have me say what I actually do say and that I mean it in the way you have me say it."

The only way, then, in which one could reasonably disagree with Küng's conclusion would be to question the orthodoxy of his "Catholic Reflection." The German original appeared in 1957 and since that time it has been widely reviewed in Catholic theological journals. None of the reviewers, so far as I know, has seen fit to question the orthodoxy of Father Küng's views. With some confidence, therefore, one can say that the conclusion is established: on what many continue to view as *the* Reformation issue there is a substantial agreement between the teaching of the old Church and one who, for all his idiosyncracies, is thoroughly Protestant on this point. Küng's work is a *tour de force*, and, as Barth indicates in his introductory letter, it is really a stunning one.

It does not, however, completely remove the doctrine of justification from Catholic-Protestant controversy. Rather it redefines the problem, and does this in a potentially fruitful way. It should be noted first that Barth does not question the fact that, if viewed in a certain way, Roman Catholic teaching often

agrees with his own; but he says, nonetheless that "The heart and guiding principle of the Romanist doctrine of grace is the *negation* of the unity of grace as always God's grace to man, as His sovereign act which is everywhere new and strange and free. It is the *negation* of the unity of grace as His grace in Jesus Christ. It is the *division* of grace by which it is first of all *His*, but then—and this is where the emphasis falls—effected and empowered by *His* grace, it is also *our* grace. Against this view we must at once and quite definitely set our face. . . . If there is *one* God, and *one* Mediator between God and man, and therefore *one* grace—what place is there for all these abstractions?"

In answer, Küng maintains that, "*The gratia creata* is not the main thing. It is not to be given a principal position which is not due it." "The issue is not *my* having grace, but *His* being gracious." Still, Küng must allow that, "In Catholic theology 'grace' is generally defined correctly in a philological and in an exegetical way, though it is true that this knowledge is neither theologically and systematically nor practically and pastorally made adequate use of." One can conclude from this that Barth's criticism is not relevant to what Roman Catholic teaching and theology can and should be; however, one could not conclude that this criticism is irrelevant to what much of Roman Catholic teaching and theology actually is.

Similarly, Barth's criticism of the Tridentine decrees on justification is that they obscure the essential: "The meaning of the conflict between the Spirit and the flesh, of the new man in Jesus and the old in whose form we confront Jesus, of freedom and bondage as totalities which do not complement but mutually exclude one another, is not only unperceived but actually concealed in a whole sea of obliterating formulae and objections and protests which are directed against every kind of quietism and fatalism, which have nothing whatever to do with what has to be said seriously concerning either the *liberum* or the *servum arbitrium*, and which can only secure us against having to see and

say what really ought to be seen and said at this point. The teaching office [of] the Roman Church neither willed nor could say this. It will not and cannot say it today.

"The practical consequence of all this is that the misery of man is not regarded as in any way serious or dangerous either for Christians or non-Christians. The Reformation communions could not reunite with a Church which held this doctrine, and they cannot accept the call to reunion with it today.

Barth is incorrect, and Küng demonstrates this decisively, in his assertion that Roman Catholicism could not and cannot say what is of primary importance. Whether or not Barth is correct in assessing "the practical consequences of all this" is another and more complex question.

Küng accuses Barth of taking the Tridentine decrees out of their context and of failing to interpret them within the totality of Catholic teaching. Barth indeed does this, and thus the criticism is valid and important. However, one can scarcely maintain that this is a peculiarly Barthian or a peculiarly Protestant shortcoming. To the extent that Roman Catholicism has tended to take the Tridentine decrees out of context, Barth's strictures are not without point. It is not an easy matter to determine the extent to which this has taken place within Roman Catholicism, but one can hardly maintain that there has been no such tendency.

These remarks are not made in order to weaken Küng's argument or to minimize his conclusion. He has shown that the Roman Catholic theology of justification is substantially the same as Karl Barth's. In Barth's own writing the criticism of the Catholic doctrine of justification is stated ambiguously. It is not clear in many places whether Barth is criticizing the doctrine or criticizing the way in which, in his view, this doctrine gets pushed into a corner in Roman Catholicism.

Küng has clearly demonstrated that on the doctrine itself there is or ought to be no dispute. The question which Barth poses to Roman Catholicism thus does not concern the orthodoxy of its

doctrine of justification but asks rather whether we take the common doctrine of justification seriously. Küng attempts, albeit briefly, to show that Roman Catholicism does take it seriously. However, such a point cannot be established in a single book; it can only be made manifest in the ongoing life of the Church.

I have here considered only one side of Küng's conclusion: Roman Catholicism's agreement with Barth. The other side, of course, is that Barth agrees with and does justice to the Catholic doctrine of justification. *Justification* should serve as a useful antidote to the largely negative Catholic studies of Barth which have appeared in English during the last several years. It may, incidentally, quicken Catholic interest in Barth's *Dogmatics*.

Power and Politics in Labor Legislation

ALAN K. McADAMS

Columbia University Press, \$7.50

DENIS KILLEEN

Major labor legislation offers the political analyst an excellent illustration of interest group activity as it becomes interwoven in the legislative process. If we must again wait twelve years—the period which elapsed between the Wagner Act in 1935 and Taft-Hartley in 1947, and then between the latter and Landrum-Griffin in 1959—for another major law, we are certainly in debt to Professor McAdams for the present study, which traces the path, from unlikely beginnings to final passage of the Labor-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act of 1959, better known as the Landrum-Griffin Act.

The elections of 1958 seemed to protect organized labor from any measure which would regulate their internal operations. There was evidence that the Democratic Party was becoming the definitive majority party in the nation; its successes on the national and state level were striking. Seventy percent of the candidates backed by the AFL-CIO in Congressional contests were elected.

The Senate, which in 1958 had been almost evenly split with 50 Democrats to 46 Republicans, was transformed into a 64-34 avalanche. The lower House, which had a Democratic majority of 231-200, now saw the Republicans overwhelmed 283-153. Right-to-work laws were defeated in almost a score of states, while only one was passed. With these data in mind, Alan McAdams poses the central question in the matter: "How could a law so out of character with what was expected have emerged from the Eighty-sixth Congress?"

There were three main stages in the development of the law. The first took place on the evening of April 22, 1959, when a liberal Senate passed by one vote the so-called McClellan "bill of rights" for the laboring man. The second occurred on August 13, 1959, when the House of Representatives accepted the conservative-sponsored Landrum-Griffin version of labor reform rather than the milder Elliott bill. The last stage was the conference committee proceedings during which concessions were made to particular unions which were sufficiently powerful to jeopardize the passage of too severe a bill. The account of these three stages is the strongest aspect of the book. Professor McAdams draws heavily on committee reports and floor debates for his narrative, but also makes fruitful use of interviews and personal files to recreate the actual proceedings; and his approach is fair and objective.

Professor McAdams is less convincing when he deals with causes. He writes that the legislation "does not represent the ratification by Congress of a balance



REVIEWERS

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DENIS KILLEEN teaches political science at St. John's University, New York.

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of power achieved among a temporary coalition of forces among the pressure groups (or even interest groups) in the nation's capital." He suggests a few interpretations that help explain its passage, "but, most of all, it represents an issue which was decided by the American public itself."

The author also maintains that the two crucial factors which brought about this participation by the public were the McClellan Rackets Committee and the intervention of President Eisenhower. Certainly the McClellan Committee helped the general public form an opinion that "something was wrong with labor," and certainly President Eisenhower's unprecedented specific reference to Landrum-Griffin as the "strong" legislation that the country required brought in large volumes of mail "from the average citizen who felt strongly enough as an individual to write to his Congressman."

Yet these factors do not appear conclusive, even in light of evidence which is contained in this study. For instance,

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Democratic leadership was well aware that Senator Kennedy, who helped author an early version of the bill, was seeking the prestige which goes with major legislation sponsorship for his presidential candidacy. Senator Lyndon Johnson had written a letter to management reminding them of his support for Taft-Hartley over Truman's veto and his support for much of Landrum-Griffin. Professor McAdams also explains that the "direct coordination of the management groups by the Administration made possible working relationships which were smoother than had ever been achieved before among usually widely ranging groups." In short, Mr. Eisenhower aided the pressure groups in articulating their objectives.

In placing such heavy emphasis on the power of constituent's letters, some problems arise which are not adequately answered. How many people who write letters actually check their Congressman's vote? How long does a constituent remember even a "wrong" vote, and what other issues will mitigate the importance of this one matter? If a member explains that his vote was a matter of "principle," will not some sympathy offset the charge that he yielded to labor domination. If he diligently promotes his district's vital interests, could not an occasional slip be overlooked? When legislation is as complex as Landrum-Griffin, a broad segment of the population could hardly be expected to maintain a firm and clear conception of Congressional duty for a long period.

These comments do not detract from the high calibre of the book; it is not intended to be a complete theory of public opinion, but a case study. And it is an excellent one.

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 595)

totality of their pedagogical apparatus and by the emphasis to which such apparatus was put, sought to inculcate in the minds of Mother's young, but rather

what the episcopacy, in the naked splendor of its most formal public utterances, saw fit to articulate for the world to behold. I shall return presently to this curiously and uncharacteristically naive approach to the phenomenology of the real world.

But the historian is first tempted to turn to those sources which Mr. Callahan forwards as indicative of an educational objective in an entirely other direction from that which Greeley, *et al.*, suggest is characteristic of 19th and early 20th century American Catholicism. Thus we are told that the pastoral of 1829 insisted that children be formed to "seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice"; that the bishops in their pastoral of 1837 listed as the acknowledged achievements of the schools a catalogue of educational and artistic refinements which would do justice to an exclusive finishing school; and that the bishops in 1884 strongly stressed the importance of knowledge. This, the reader is left to conclude, is evidence that the formal objectives of the 19th century schools embraced much higher horizons than Greeley, *et al.*, would allow, and that therefore, the NORC study is somehow irrelevant to the larger prophetic question of what the schools ought to be doing.

Not only does this reading of the episcopal pastorals leave the reader wondering what it was that Orestes Brownson was railing about in a passage Callahan subsequently quotes, but it leaves the historian wondering at what point in his understandably intense involvement with the schools issue Mr. Callahan forgot how to read episcopal documents.

Mr. Callahan might have done well to quote at least the entire sentence from which he extracts the 1829 citation: "teaching him first to seek the kingdom of God and His justice, and having food and raiment to be therewith content. Teach him to be industrious, to be frugal, to be humble and fully resigned to the will of that God Who feeds the birds of the air, clothes the lily of the fields . . ." It is perfectly clear from reading of the full context of the pastoral that the "justice" to

which the bishops refer is the justice of a God who damns to hell those who do not believe on Him; and not in any notably specific sense the justice which it is the lot of the Christian to seek for others.

The citation in the 1837 pastoral refers not at all to those prophetic considerations which relate to the deeper Christian purpose of education, but is rather a candid admission by the bishops that the Catholic schools (not yet "parochial" but at the moment more like the German gymnasia) "do not advance as rapidly as the wishes of our friends, or their too sanguine hopes look for."

The passage which Mr. Callahan quotes is the tail end of a complex sentence which begins with the following: "Yet, these notwithstanding, we are persuaded that amongst those under our superintendence, are to be found, some of the most scientific and literary houses of education which our nation possesses; some establishments for the instruction of the youth, male and female, in which there are successfully taught those speculative and practical lessons which . . ." The ellipses begin the point

at which Mr. Callahan quotes the bishops. It is clear from context that the emphasis is upon the word "some"; that the recitation is in response to criticism of a lack of excellence; and that the bishops of 1837 did not regard the general absence of this excellence as a primary concern of theirs, but rather of their friends.

By 1884, in the last of the pastoral which Mr. Callahan cites, the American bishops had become advocates of excellence, and there is no reason to doubt their sincerity. But it is difficult to discover what Mr. Callahan proves thereby, since the range of objectives about which Greeley, *et al.*, hypothesize is an ethical-moral, and not specifically an "intellectual," range. If Mr. Callahan meant to suggest that the phrase "promoting the welfare of our fellowmen" indicated a predilection toward emphasizing the social gospel, he might have noted that in some 1,200 words on the subject of education, those seven were the only ones related, generally or specifically, to the message of charity and social justice. He might also have cited the sentences which immediately follow, and which make up the bulk of the paragraph from which his quotation is the opening. Three of those sentences more accurately illustrate the thrust of the episcopal argument: "Knowledge, too, is the best weapon against pernicious errors. In days like ours, when error is so pretentious and aggressive, everyone needs to be as completely armed as possible with sound knowledge—not only the clergy, but the people also so that they may be able to withstand the noxious influences of popularized irreligion. In the great coming combat between truth and error, between faith and agnosticism, an important part of the fray must be borne by the laity, and woe to them if they are not well prepared."

If Mr. Callahan had confronted the argument on the terms with which Greeley, *et al.*, analyzed their data, he might more appropriately have turned to an examination of the entire body of 19th century pastoral letters, which reflect in their entirety that about which the bishops were concerned, and by

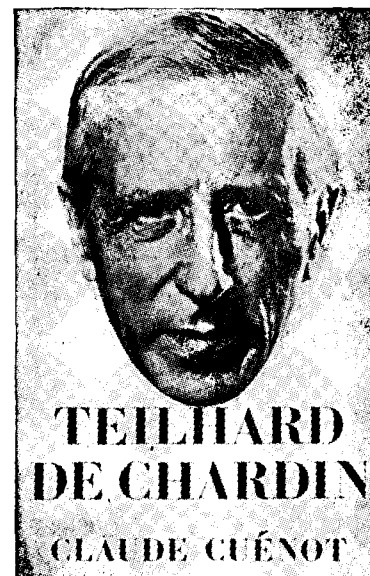


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implication rather difficult to deny, that which the schools would have been emphasizing. Callahan would have found the pastorals examining with great care such questions as trusteeism, the danger of reading non-Catholic versions of the Bible, the necessity to support the Church, the necessity for attendance at Mass and the sacraments, the inviolacy of the teaching authority of the Church, and the impressively repetitious exhortation to Christian res-

ignation. He would thus have found the pastoral emphasis quite closely paralleling those value priorities which Greeley, *et al.*, found being successfully reinforced by the parochial school system.

Indeed, it is hard to see how things could have been otherwise. What Daniel Callahan finds odious is not a function of the parochial school system, but of the total Catholic community, saturated as it was with apologetic theology and confessional morality. It should not be surprising that the products of the parochial schools did even less "well" on the eating-meat-on-Friday-versus-loving-your-neighbor question. Eating meat on Friday is after all a mortal sin, so catalogued in virtually every Confession manual in print. One does not find a similar catalogue involving failures to love one's neighbor. Given a choice between the certainty of hell and a vague abstraction, the majority will opt for the concrete.

What is most striking about Mr. Callahan's essay is that his core sentence could be paraphrased with far greater precision as follows: "A religious denomination which cannot manage to get over to its adherents an essential part of what Christ called the 'greatest commandment' deserves hardly any *Christian* respect whatever." The problem, as Callahan in other contexts would undoubtedly agree, lies not with the parochial system but with the pre-Johannine Church. It is in fact impossible to express the message of Christian charity in the context of an exclusively confessional morality. And what distinguishes the non-parochial school attenders is precisely their distance from that emphasis on confessional morality which the schools, by virtue of their role within the Catholic community, were bound to stress.

This brings us more sharply to that which "may impress a sociologist." If, in fact, the parochial school system has had some success in reinforcing the dominant theme of its parent religious culture, then it seems reasonable to assert that there is in it some potential intrinsic value. The question of what ought to be the dominant theme is not

the valid subject of sociological inquiry, but rather precisely a theological question. Had Greeley, *et al.*, intruded their personal theological inclinations into their findings, they would have been sharply rebuked by both sociologists and theologians. Had they on the other hand initially structured their research to measure parochial school performance against those "radically higher standards" for which Mr. Callahan justifiably appeals, they would have been engaged in a fruitless exercise the conclusions of which are transparent. Social research is a heavy consumer of both intellectual and monetary currency. However much it may provide an emotional catharsis, flagellating a dead horse is not much of a justification for serious research.

If guiding the Christian conscience toward an effective demand for a genuinely Christian educational system is the relevant step beyond the NORC study—and I most certainly agree with Mr. Callahan that it is—then all of us must begin by acknowledging that the question has been put into the public domain by our confreres like Daniel Callahan and Mary Perkins Ryan, who were courageous enough to raise the question before it was acceptable to stick pins in ecclesiastical effigies.

Yet the demands of the moment (which is no longer 1954 nor even 1964) require that the prophet divest himself of the intense emotions of a revolutionary epoch and quiet himself to the tedious demands of reconstruction. Only in so doing will he learn to accept the discrete segments of the reconstruction lumber for what they are: individual, tentative, but integral pieces of research from which the free Christian can construct a new ecclesiological temple: this one more to the likeness of its Master. MICHAEL E. SCHILTZ

National Opinion Research Center

Reply

It is always a dispiriting venture to try my hand at replying to criticisms of the kind fired from Sister Teresa Mary's blunderbuss; so I won't try. I will only say that the NORC report does

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little to substantiate her apparent conviction of a notable "interdisciplinary integration" in Catholic education.

While I suppose I should be pleased that Mr. Fleming found my article "excellent," I find his letter something less than a persuasive advertisement for the good sense of the "critics" I so stoutly defended in my article. Contrary to his opinion, I think Father Greeley is eminently qualified to make "scientifically respectable statements" on the parochial schools, and he has done so in the study which he co-authored with Messrs. Rossi and Pinto. Nor did I detect in the study any attempt to "gloss over" the question of the necessity of the schools; the authors were not concerned with this problem within the context of their investigations. Nor do I think that Father Greeley has an "outrageous bias" toward parochial schools. As far as I can make out from his varied writings, he is favorably disposed toward them; but that's all. The only complaint I have with Father Greeley's writings—and in his informal articles of late rather than his professional publications—is that he appears to want everyone to wait for the sociologists to speak before saying anything negative about the schools or American Catholicism. One result is to blur the necessary difference between those concerned with renewing the Church and the sociologist. Another is that he often misses the critics' deeper points in his eagerness to catch them up on erroneous sociological generalizations. Still another is that he provides the fanatical defenders of the schools with many specious reasons to close their ears to the critics. (That said, may I also say that one remark in my article about Father Greeley was uncalled for, i.e., that all of his positive theories come down to "social change.")

As for Mr. Schiltz's letter, I think we actually agree on the major issues. Two clarifications, however, are in order:

1. I did not in any sense contend that the "relevant question" turns on episcopal pronouncements, but asked only whether those values the authors of the report say were "symbolic" were in fact conspicuously stressed by those

responsible for the over-all direction of the schools, the Bishops. The report was very specific in listing certain "symbolic" values—formal religious practice, sexual morality, etc. In my reading of the Pastorals, especially those sections where education is discussed, these values just do not stand out with the prominence the report would lead one to expect. The issues of trusteeism, financial contributions, and so forth, cited by Mr. Schiltz, are rarely mentioned when the Bishops speak specifically about the aims of education. It is, I think, noteworthy that none of the context-passages Mr. Schiltz quotes against me contain any reference to the crucial "symbolic" values specified in the report. They say much, of course, about the mentality of the Bishops, but do not prove or disprove the specific contention of the report. If the report had at least alluded to the difference between formal pronouncements and those values actually held I would have considered that sufficient. That was one thing Brownson was railing against.

2. I fail to see why Mr. Schiltz interpreted my article as a criticism of the authors for failing to intrude "their personal theological inclinations into their findings . . ." I specifically said that "What the report does not provide—properly enough—are the acceptable norms from a religious point of view." While I may be a fairly naive sort, never, even in my most romantic moments, have I looked for "emotional catharsis" in social research. In its own terms, the report is valuable.

A final word. I personally do not think parochial schools are necessary, but, improved and reoriented, they could prove to be valuable. I am also greatly impressed with the efforts afoot to do just that. At the same time, it would be a great help if some dioceses and parishes would experiment with other means of religious education. That way we would all be in a better position to make some meaningful comparisons. In the meantime, let the critics read the sociologists, but don't let them be swayed from their own, and different, task.

DANIEL CALLAHAN

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